

The Listener

Published every Thursday by the British Broadcasting Corporation



The Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon, now being refitted in preparation for the Festival of Britain

In this number :

Sir Edward Appleton, Rt. Hon. Aneurin Bevan, Nikolaus Pevsner

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'Settling Down' in the United States

By STEWART ALSOP

AS everybody knows, there is nothing very neat and precise about the way the United States governs itself. In times of crisis Washington sometimes recalls the old army maxim: 'When in danger, when in doubt, run in circles, scream and shout'. Yet actually, below the surface confusion, it seems to me that a sort of settling down process is taking place here. The screams and shouts are much less high-pitched and raucous than they were a few weeks and months ago, and calmer voices are beginning to be heard. The country is settling down for the long pull, both at home and abroad. First, let us have a brief look at what is going on at home in the United States.

It is no doubt silly for Americans to talk about austerity to Englishmen; particularly the Englishmen who have just had their meat rations cut another twenty per cent.; and certainly you would not get any impression of austerity in the booming down-town section of an American city. Indeed, by and large, it is no doubt true that most people—all except the very poor who are squeezed by inflation, and the very rich who are squeezed by taxes—are at the moment living better than ever before. Yet the current boom is a sort of last fling and everybody realises it. What lies ahead would certainly not be called austerity by Englishmen, yet by American standards it is austerity; or, at least, it is a very real reduction in the standards of living of most people.

President Truman has announced a budget calling for a yearly expenditure in the neighbourhood of seventy billion dollars. The great bulk of this money is to go for defence expenditures, and for foreign, economic and military aid. It has got to be paid for one way or another. Essentially there are two ways the bill can be met: one way is to borrow. This would mean paying the bill by letting prices go up, by inflation. The other way is to tax. President

Truman who is, by instinct, a sound money man, wants to pay the bill by the second method—by taxation. Since the Korean war started there has already been a big increase in taxes, and Truman has now asked for another whopping great increase in personal and corporation taxes. Thus, taxes are beginning to take a really painful bite out of the dollar, and inflation has already also eaten steadily and remorselessly into the value of the dollar. Most prices are higher than they have ever been: most meat, for example, except pork and what is called lamb but is really mutton, costs more than a dollar a pound now—that is about 7s. Goaded by the desperate cries of housewives, and the warnings of the economists, the Government announced a general price and wage freeze. But the inflation we have already had is a kind of indirect taxation added to direct taxation. The amount people are going to have to pay directly, or indirectly, can be judged from the fact that Truman's seventy-odd billion dollar budget represents well over a quarter, almost a third, of the national income. One way or another this money is going to have to come out of our hides, and although the result will not be austerity, or anything like it by British standards, it will certainly be extremely painful experience by American standards.

No one likes high taxes or a reduced standard of living. Yet the general attitude seems to be that we might as well grin and bear it. It is going to be necessary to grin and bear a lot of other things to which Americans, unlike most other people, are not accustomed in times of so-called peace. For example, there is no longer any doubt that either universal military service or its equivalent will soon be in force. Every reasonably fit young man who reaches the age of eighteen is going to have to do his stint for two years or more. This is really downright revolutionary in this country, so long protected by broad oceans and a convenient balance of power

in the rest of the world. Yet, it has stirred up far less ruckus than might have been expected. The reaction has been, not enthusiasm, certainly, but resigned acceptance—if it must be done, it must be done. So much for the settling-down process at home. What it amounts to is that almost everybody is pretty well agreed on certain points: we are going to have to get much stronger; we will have to remain much stronger for a long time. It will be expensive and unpleasant, but we might as well face up to it.

Through British Eyes

Now, let us turn to the settling-down process as far as American policy abroad is concerned. Lately I read a certain British left-wing magazine, and I was downright astonished by the impression of American policy which it conveyed. If I had been an English reader I should have concluded that the American Government, and the American people, were hell bent for war. The general idea was that we were positively itching to get into a war, first with China and then with the Soviet Union, and to drag all our allies along with us. From a good many indications I suspect that a lot of Englishmen are inclined to believe this. In fact, I do not suppose there has been a time since before the last war when the purposes and intentions of your country and mine were more completely mutually misunderstood on both sides of the Atlantic. Just as a great many Englishmen are convinced that the United States is bent on a suicidal course of involving itself in an all-out war with China, which is simply not true, so a great many Americans are becoming convinced that Great Britain is in a mood of trembling appeasement. This is not true either. But since the main function of this broadcast is, I suppose, to interpret the American scene, let me try to give a picture of how the events, since the aggression in Korea last June, have looked—not to the experts and the best-informed specialists in the field, but to the great bulk of Americans.

First, the North Koreans attacked South Korea; it is a major assault, obviously planned long in advance and obviously approved by the North Koreans' masters in Moscow. All our military experts agree that the United States has no strategic interests at all in Korea, and that on military grounds we should keep out of it. But the United States and all the non-communist members of the United Nations unanimously decide that this is naked aggression, and that it must be dealt with if an endless succession of new aggressions is not to result. Therefore we go to the aid of the South Koreans, get a very bad mauling and finally commit just about all the ground forces we have in Korea. Then comes the landing at Inchon and the victory over the North Korean army. There is the question of crossing the 38th parallel, about which a lot of people are now being wise after the fact. But at the time very few people seriously proposed that the United Nations army should either withdraw, or sit on the parallel indefinitely licking its wounds and giving the communists time to mount a new attack.

So, we cross the parallel, with the approval of the United Nations, and for a time all goes well. Then the Chinese intervene, catch us off balance and force us to withdraw well down into South Korea. Remember that to most of us this attacking force across an international boundary looks like aggression if there ever was aggression. Remember also that this country has lost almost 50,000 men, dead and wounded. And now what happens? Our allies in the United Nations, the same allies who joined with us in deciding that aggression should be punished, seem suddenly to have changed their minds, or so it seems to many Americans: aggression by a little power should be punished, the formula seems to run, but aggression by a big power should be rewarded. In the first place, it should not be called aggression at all, because that is an ugly word. In the second place, the Chinese communists are to be rewarded for their aggression by having all Korea and Formosa handed over to them, and by being admitted to the United Nations Security Council. The families of our 50,000 dead and wounded are, presumably, to be consoled by being told that it has all been an unfortunate mistake.

Obviously all this is over-simplified: of course some frightful

mistakes have been made and some very foolish things said. Undoubtedly General MacArthur made terribly serious miscalculations about Chinese intentions and capabilities; but, when all is said and done, this is the way it looks to the great mass of Americans, and it does not seem to me surprising that it should look this way. Whether or not this attitude is reasonable, it should be understood that it is very widespread and very strongly felt: this is the explanation for that rare phenomenon in the United States Senate, an absolutely unanimous vote on the resolutions against the admission of China into the United Nations and for calling China an aggressor.

But all this does not mean that the United States is eager for a war with Communist China. A few weeks ago, after the Chinese had first intervened, there was a lot of sentiment with some sort of direct action in the Congress, in the State Department and in the country. This was a very natural reaction, as natural as the desire to hit someone in the eye if he hits you in the eye. But this sentiment now seems to be damped down for two reasons. First, it has become pretty obvious that there is not much you can do to hit China back unless you actually go to war with China; and it has become clear also that this would be in effect an impossible war, a war between the shark and the tiger. It would be a war with no foreseeable end except disaster. The military are more acutely aware of this than others. General MacArthur himself is said to have remarked to more than one visitor that 'any military man who gets himself involved in operations on the Chinese mainland ought to have his head examined'.

In the second place, a lot of the sentiment for direct action against China grew up when it seemed likely that the American and United Nations forces would be pushed right off the Korean peninsula. This no longer seems anywhere near as likely as it did a few weeks ago. In fact, there is real reason for believing that the Chinese armies in Korea are not in an entirely enviable position. Their supply problem, the problem of getting food and military supplies to 450,000 troops, across 250 miles dominated by our air force, is by no means comfortable, especially since the trip of Army Chief of Staff Collins and Air Force Chief of Staff Vandenberg to Korea. The impression has grown that we can hold the present line, or something like it. The Chinese communists can hardly welcome the prospect of having the flower of their armies committed indefinitely in Korea against superior fire power and with a terrible supply problem. Thus, the impression is also growing in Washington that the Korean situation is by no means hopeless; that we may soon be in a position to try to negotiate a reasonable settlement from a position of strength, rather than from a disastrous position of weakness. This is another reason why there is now less and less talk of direct action against China in the form of a so-called 'limited' war, or in any other kind of war.

At the same time the debate on American foreign policy initiated by former President Hoover has had at least one good effect: it has again concentrated attention on the heart of our problem, on the relations between this country and western Europe. General Eisenhower's whirlwind tour of Europe has redoubled this effect, and the net result is that there is no longer any danger at all, if there ever was any, that the United States will get itself bogged down in an endless war with Communist China; unless, of course, the Chinese communists give us no choice at all. This result is part of the general settling-down process.

Angry Mood

The mood here is angry, but it is not warlike. Bar a small lunatic fringe, there is no more desire for an utterly devastating war here than in England, either among the people or among officials. But there is a growing area of general agreement. First, the United States and the Atlantic Alliance must be made as strong as possible as soon as possible. And second, it must be made clear also, that although we do not want war we prefer war to further surrenders to aggression. This, most people are becoming to agree here, is the best hope we have of avoiding a war which Americans want no more than any other people.—*Home Service*

The Germans Look at Democracy

By TERENCE PRITTIE

LAST year, a political cabaret in Western Germany scored a big success with a song and act called 'We are the Trizoneians'. Trizonesia was a sort of unfree Ruritania, and its citizens the puppets of the occupiers of their country. The song suggested the wistful hopelessness of people who had no will of their own, and who had to do what they were told. It was born in Dusseldorf, but it was sung in every big town in Western Germany and the audiences liked it.

Rather earlier in German history a national character was invented who was meant to represent something of the same wistful hopelessness: Michel—a pallid little man, dressed in shrunken clothes and a nightcap. This, the German liked to think, was the authentic projection of himself, a poor nobody, who meant no harm to anyone. Michel was not so often caricatured in the German press before the first world war; the Nazis frowned on him; but since 1945 he has come into his own, and today he is seldom missing from any political cartoon. He is always insignificant, always helpless, always being pushed around. Michel does not, perhaps, seem a very typical German to those who remember that Germany has not produced only artists and philosophers, but men like Bismarck and Krupp, Goering and August Thyssen, the world's most hard-headed realists. Yet the German Michel, the symbol of utter helplessness, may be a more truthful representation of the everyday German, than at first sight seems likely. Michel is not just pushed around in the passive voice, it is part of his stock in trade, and he rather likes it.

In 1945 the Western Powers, in their different ways, thought they would make a citizen of Michel. Each Military Government went about this in its own way. The British sent out a fairly representative lot of people and hoped that by force of example they would change the German character, which had been moulded by eighty years of success under authoritarian government. The French, as the Chief of their Education Department once told me, tried to catch the Germans young, in the belief that twenty years of occupation could produce twenty classes of Germans who had been brought up to think for themselves, and to form and value their own opinions. The Americans preached democracy as evangelists might. A vast amount of work was put into what many believed was this most essential task of the Occupation, to turn the German into democrats. Clever, often brilliant, men were sent out, delved into the mysteries of German day schools, and higher education, gave valuable advice and direction, returned home, feeling perhaps a shade more thoughtful, a shade less enthusiastic.

What has all this led to? It would be untrue, as well as typical, to say that it has led to nothing at all. Democratic government has been introduced—in form—and works fairly well. The German civil servant

has tried to widen his vista of responsibility, from a ruthless discharge of his duties to some comprehension of the interests and minds of those he administers. The German policeman has become less of a beadle and more of a protector of the people in the course of his function of preserving law and order. The German citizen has not only learnt to use his vote freely, he has usually cast it on the side of moderation, and

has avoided the extremism of right or left. The German youth is growing up with a mind of his own, and a desperate, almost pitifully desperate, desire to learn about the outside world. Parliamentary government has been conducted with reasonable discretion. In its first year, the Federal Parliament produced only two stand-up fights, a contrast to Paris and Rome, where the arts of *le boxe* and *la savatte* are so assiduously practised in the National Assemblies. There has, indeed, been difficulty in finding a Speaker of the House who represented a rule of procedure rather than the will of the majority. Sometimes it has been rather disturbing to watch a communist being ruled out of order simply because he was shouted down when he rose to speak. It has been equally hard to organise a Government Press Department, and the fourth Press Chief in just over a year has just been installed. Agendas for debates are arranged too hurriedly, the debates themselves spoiled by each small party having to have its say. But these are minor flaws. The Federal Parliament has at least been an adequate forum for the free expression of ideas, a forum where most members have had the chance to air their views, even though some of them have not been much to the point. All this is on the credit side, but it is only part of the democratic experiment in Germany.

To the ordinary German, democracy and all that it means, or is said to mean, is still a remote conception.

First of all the Germans, perhaps naturally, think associatively. Their sequence of thought jumps by natural stages from democracy to occupation, from occupation to the various military government machines, from there to the requisitioning of their houses, the dismantling of their industries, the ham-stringing of their Government by allied decree, and so back to democracy, which has become a symbol of all these things in their minds. Judging the feelings of the people, it is probably wise to consider the things that the humblest of them say. These are the sort of phrases that are heard just as often today as in 1945: 'We were much better off under the Nazis', or 'The Nazis were our own people, they knew what we wanted', or again, 'We are *eingekreist* (surrounded) by enemies or potential enemies, and so we have to be strong', or lastly, 'We became a nation too late, we are not ready for democracy yet'.

Perhaps the most illuminating talk that I can remember was with a German who seemed most un-German to me. He had spent most of his



The black-red-gold flag of the West German Federal Republic being hoisted on the building where the West German Parliament opened on September 7, 1949—the first convening of a free German legislature since Hitler

life since the Nazis came into power in foreign countries. He was cosmopolitan, uninhibited, a man of the world. He came back to Germany late in the war, when things were really bad, to serve his country. That, after all, is the ultimate patriotism, to board ship only when it is sinking. He told me about this one evening and talked into the grey hours of morning. He was impressive, and when I was leaving, he shook my hand and said, 'You understand a little of our problem. But remember one thing—we still need a Fuehrer, someone to tell us how to go straight, and why to go straight. But of course, the right kind of Fuehrer this time'. Today, a simple German, and a German with brains, still harks back to this theme; you may call it a lack of a sense of responsibility, or you may call it an understanding of the besetting weakness in the German character, and an appreciation of Germany's difficult geographical and historical role. The Germans are terribly practical; that is why they refer you to the successes of the Nazi-planned economy. They are terribly suspicious; that is why the idea of *Einkreisung* (encirclement) is as strong today as it was in 1914. They are apologetic; that is why they regard democracy as the flower whose culture they may not understand, and so would prefer to take orders in its rearing. And they are still embarrassed by the idea that their own views are the most important things in their own lives.

If this is still a German characteristic—to shun responsibility, and prefer direct orders—how has it shown itself in the German scene today? Possibly in the reappearance of what you might call 'dictator parties' or groups. There are still domineers as well as disciples of the creed of blind obedience. Thus, Loritz ran a one-man party in Bavaria, without troubling to formulate a clear political programme, picking up the votes of the dissatisfied, trading on trouble for his support, promising the moon to his supporters. Another Bavarian demagogue, Feitenhansl—the Rappunzel, the funny little man of German politics—set out to be a second Hitler, preached the popular German theory of the strong hand, and equality of helots beneath it. In the north, Hedler began to organise youth on a model which is frighteningly familiar, wearing black breeches and riding-boots, marching in faultless step, singing songs with a clear, clockwork tune, and larded with cracker mottoes. In the wilds of the Luneberg Heath, a group appeared which called itself 'The friends of Otto Strasser'—that Nazi who refused to toe the party line, and is in Canadian exile today. The same area has thrown up ex-Major-General Remer, who helped put down the 1944 plot against Hitler, and who says he wants to unite the best of those who plotted against Hitler with the best of those who killed the plot. Back of all is the Association of Ex-Servicemen—the brotherhood whose founders profess an intention to carry the Nazi revolution a stage further, to finalise the idea of a radical social state, ruled by decree—decree formulated by the few, who know what is best for the many. These may be obscure fungi on the political soil of Germany, but fungi have something to do with the soil which produces them.

The dictator idea is still present in the principal parties in Federal Germany, both Dr. Schumacher and Dr. Adenauer are complete bosses of their parties. The former has frequently ridden roughshod over the views of his more moderate colleagues, the latter has often kept party, cabinet and parliament very much in the dark as to what he is doing. The chain of political life in Germany has not been fully forged, and a party leader presumes he has a sweeping mandate to act as he sees fit. The German press therefore wastes a great deal of time straw-catching at information which should be readily available to all its

members. Until recently, Dr. Adenauer kept much of what passed between him and the High Commissioners strictly to himself. Since democracy is not an ingrained German characteristic, it must presumably be filtered from the top down. There must be a lot more filtering. But just as the man in the street must be ready to accept responsibility, the man at the top must be ready to share it. Classes in German society have remained as sharply divided as they were fifty years ago. The wife of a civil servant, for instance, is still addressed in society by so weird a title as 'Mrs. Doctor Local Councillor'. There are few links and contacts between employer and employed. A Member of Parliament simply does not meet his constituents. Canvassing, in the English sense, does not exist. Allied welfare workers remark on the universal lack of civic sense.

German society, in fact, is like a jig-saw puzzle, with the right number of pieces, but all of them scattered about indiscriminately. There are rich men, poor men, workers, business men, officials, but it is hard to find Demos—the citizen—or anyone who would relish such a title. The characteristics of the individual are still more significant than supposed racial traits. The German is not necessarily a compound of anti-semitism, march music and the desire to conquer the Ukraine, but his average may still be unlike the average in this country. One facet of his existence, if unimportant, seems to bear this out. When a German drives a car, he behaves astonishingly often in a way which would never be tolerated in Britain. He keeps his eyes to the front, and practically never gives a sign to those behind him. If he is overtaken, he quite often accelerates as the other car begins to pass him, and tries to make a breakneck race of it. He looks very angry if the other man wins. In four years, I have been signalled on exactly once by a German lorry and that only after two minutes frenzied hooting. Not so long ago, the British High Commissioner, Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick, urged the Germans to develop a sense of partnership with their fellow-beings. He said that this sense seemed to be lacking in Germany today. Well, it is lacking all right on their roads.

Perhaps the occupiers have been a bit arrogant in inflicting their notions of democracy on Germans who have generally imagined that they wanted something different. Perhaps the word itself—'democracy'—has been bandied about too much. Perhaps we should be helping the Germans only through those stages of nationhood which we went through eighty years ago. Perhaps we should have talked more about common-sense and the duty as well as the right of the individual to have opinions of his own rather than about a cut-and-dried political formula. Have we played into the hands of those who thought like the German who said to me, 'I shall never understand this democracy business. Now if you were to order me to be a democrat, it would be different. I should then have no course but to obey'.

The German virtues are well enough known—their industry, courage, cleanliness, inventive genius. There is no need for these virtues to be wasted. The desire, almost craving, is there to know the rest of the world better and be a bit more as other men are, to become good Europeans and good neighbours. German youth is doing its best to forget the old stone gods of might, power and glory. But in building a constitutional state in which men can make the fullest use of the freedoms guaranteed them, the Germans still have a struggle ahead of them, and it is largely a struggle with themselves. One need not imagine that with the passage of a few years, and a few strokes of the pen, Germans are democrats—yet.—*Third Programme*

Steel Supplies and the Motor Industry

By R. GRESHAM COOKE

I WONDER if you are one of those who are still waiting for a new car; or perhaps you work in a steel or engineering company in the Midlands or the North, but whoever you are you may have been wondering lately what all this talk about less steel for the motor industry means. Many people have been asking whether it means that fewer cars and lorries will be made and whether people will be on short time.

I was at one time in the steel industry myself in Sheffield and when you see all the tons of white-hot metal being poured out of those vast furnaces and length after length of bars and sections being rolled, day

in and day out, in a continuous process that goes on the whole week, you wonder where on earth all the steel is going to. There is no doubt that the steel industry has done a great job since the war making nearly half as much again as it did in the pre-war years—and against a background of a shortage of iron and steel scrap, iron ore, and other things. The engineering industries which depend on iron and steel have nearly doubled their capacity and among them the motor industry has benefited from the extra steel that has been rolling out, although it must be said that the motor industry has never been able to work to its full capacity since the war.

I think you will agree that the motor industry has made good use of the steel from the point of view of the nation. It turns £30 or £40 worth of raw steel into a vehicle worth £300 or very much more, and it has earned endless foreign currency since 1945. I believe it brings in \$1,500,000 a week from selling cars in Canada and the United States of America, but at any rate if you could see all the cars and lorries that are going overseas passing down the road in front of your house you would see one going for every minute right round the clock all the year round. I know it is rather a shame that you have only to fly an hour or two from these shores to see people who can buy British cars quite easily, but there it is—we have to bring home the bacon one way or another.

The Margam Plant

The key, indeed the yardstick, of motor production has for some time been sheet steel to make, for example, the bodies, and although the mills in South Wales and Cheshire have greatly increased their supplies in the last two or three years, the motor industry has gone ahead both in production and design and it still requires more sheet steel than there is rolling mill capacity to provide it with. Had it not been for the war, more mills for the production of wide sheet would have already been in operation but it takes many years to build a plant such as the one projected in South Wales, the Abbey Works at Margam. This new plant, which is built on waste land near the sea, where special grass had to be planted to bind the sand together, will have shops that are three-quarters of a mile long and sixty-five feet high, and the whole site covers three times the area of Hyde Park, and is four and a half miles long. What a great sight it will be to see red hot strip being rolled out of the end of the mill at a speed of over thirty miles per hour. Planned many years ago, this great design is a tribute to the steel companies that have sponsored it. This new plant starts to come into production this summer, and when it reaches its full capacity next year one of the major problems of the motor industry ought to be ended.

In the meantime, so urgent has been the demand for sheet steel, home production has had to be supplemented by the buying of steel sheet from abroad—sometimes as much as 1,000 tons a week. A good deal of this comes from America and has to be paid for in dollars. But the rearmament programme in America has almost stopped supplies from over the Atlantic. In addition, that great nation which is far and away the largest producer of steel in the world—even America has been buying as heavily as she can in the European markets from Belgium and Germany, and Canada as well, thus further curtailing supplies that we might have had. An additional cause of reduction in supplies to the motor industry has been because the rearmament programme in this country is beginning to make itself felt and has caused an additional demand for sheet. So, largely due to western rearmament, cuts have been imposed on the motor industry which we are told are bound to last at least until the summer.

'Number One Supplier to the World'

So far these cuts have fallen rather unevenly, as must happen inevitably when a serious shortage suddenly confronts such a complicated industry. One steel pressing works at Oxford which is a big supplier to several motor firms is at the moment working four days a week, and certain departments of some car manufacturers taking supplies from that source have had to curtail their production to correspond. They are likewise not working full time, and it looks as though repercussions of one kind or another will certainly be felt by other car and commercial vehicle works in the near future. This is serious and it means a great deal of dislocation, particularly because the motor industry's programme was very much on the up and up. Whereas before the war it made a vehicle at the rate of about 1,800 every working day, it made almost twice as many last year. In fact, if the whole 1950 output of cars and commercial vehicles were to be placed in an unbroken line they would cover the distance between London and Cairo. In another eighteen months it had hoped to be running at the rate of 1,000,000 units a year or 4,000 vehicles every working day. So the industry wanted to continue not only as the number one supplier to the world, but, strange as it may appear to some people, to the home market as well.

However, coming back to these cuts, you know as well as I do that motor manufacturers are nothing if not ingenious, and you can be sure they will try their best to minimise the effects of the cuts. They will use alternative materials, but that is very difficult at short notice. They

will try to turn out more of the sort of vehicle that requires less sheet steel, that is, for example, the smaller type of open truck, and they will have to increase their exports of chassis for local assembly. However, the effect on costs of smaller production is always to be feared, because just as increase in volume, particularly in the motor industry, has the effect of reducing costs, so the reverse is also true. It is very unfortunate, therefore, that cost increases should arise at the same time as there are already so many large increases on account of raw materials and other costs. In particular, the effect of these on our exports may be far-reaching.

The expected fall in production is at least 15 per cent. or perhaps 20 per cent. and is bound to mean less exports, although I am certain everyone will try to keep up their vital shipments to the dollar areas. However, in many parts of the world, such as on the routes to Australia and East Africa, there are and have been for a little time shipping difficulties, and this shortage of ships has been aggravated by the Government's decision to import coal. These difficulties are in any event checking exports. So the fall in production will be balanced to some extent by shipping and may not have as much effect on overseas trade as it might have done in normal times. As for the home market, I certainly cannot see any increase and there may be some decrease, so keep that old car going and send it to your local garage for that over-due repair.

Industry a Long-term Affair

What many people do not realise is that industry is, like farming, a long-term affair. Supplies needed to make a car today were ordered months ago, so sudden cuts are doubly upsetting and what is needed to maintain employment and keep down costs are well-balanced long runs—not sudden jerks. But I am afraid we are getting some jerks not only on account of less steel from abroad but also through smaller and more uncertain supplies of zinc and nickel—to take two of several examples. And we must not forget that electricity power cuts are not doing any good towards getting steady production. Industry cannot plan scientifically if its raw materials are subject to sudden and uncontrolled fluctuations. In short, the whole outlook has changed for the worse since the New Year.

Steel is the backbone of modern industry. Russia found to her cost in the last war that her iron and steel output of 16,000,000 tons a year—the same as ours—was not enough for the needs of her enormous population and her army. Then America, making nearly 100,000,000 tons a year was the arsenal of the world, but the U.S.A. and Russia have vast raw material resources. We should like to increase our steel capacity here, but to do so means importing iron ore to make it and that means ships, and we have to import scrap and that means more ships—several thousand cargoes in a year. In addition, the iron and steel industry is mightily dependent on coal. For instance, I remember when I was connected with an iron and steel works at Scunthorpe, that they used six train-loads of coal and coke every day besides seven train-loads of iron ore. So industrial power can only be built up on a foundation of good raw material supplies, and we must get every ton of iron ore and coal that we can out of this country so that our engineering industries are not dependent on every puff of trouble that comes from overseas.

To sum up, what is it, then, that has brought about this present shortage with the resulting fall in output? First, American rearmament has meant less imports; secondly, our inability to buy from Europe; thirdly, the new steel rolling plant is not yet in production although indeed it was never planned to start till the summer; fourthly, our situation would be much better if we could faithfully rely on abundant coal supplies. It is really true to say that greatness in the world today is based on industrial power and primary production. Just as farming can save dollars by providing fuel for our bodies, so coal won from the ground can provide our works with fuel and steel to save us importing. We are largely tied to our capacity to secure our raw materials, whether from our own resources or from overseas. It is these crude ruthless material factors on which our economic fate depends, not politics or goodwill.—*Home Service*

Bartholomew's *Advanced Atlas of Modern Geography* (Library Edition, 35s.), which has now been published, is an entirely new atlas but follows traditional Bartholomew lines. The frontiers are as up to date as possible. The January-March number of *The Political Quarterly* (price 5s.) is devoted to one subject, the cold war. Contributors include R. H. S. Crossman, M.P., Ernst Reuter (Mayor of Berlin), Professor R. G. Hawtrey, Raymond Aron and Michael Lindsay.

The Listener

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on the U.N. and China

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER being mainly reprints of broadcast talks, original contributions are not invited, and the B.B.C. cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited manuscript matter, whether literary or musical, which is submitted for its consideration. Articles in THE LISTENER do not necessarily represent the views of the B.B.C., nor do the reproductions of talks necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast script. Yearly subscription rates (including postage): inland and overseas, £1. Shorter periods pro rata. Postage for single copies of this issue: inland and overseas, 13d. Subscriptions should be sent to the B.B.C. Publication Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or any newsagent.

Lessons of History

THERE are two generalisations on which the majority of living British historians appear to be in agreement and on which professors generally discourse when delivering their inaugural lectures. Mr. Vincent Harlow, Beit Professor of the History of the British Empire at Oxford, is no exception to this rule. In his inaugural lecture which has now been published* he rejects the idea of finding any philosophy of history and pleads for synthesis. As to the first point he tells us that 'most working historians have a deep distrust of all attempts to make history conform to a pattern or to subject it to some formula or master-concept. Historians tend to look askance at "meta-historians"'. It is a distrust which I myself share whole-heartedly. On the second point Professor Harlow properly observes that 'history is not historical research' and he goes on to urge that the mature historian 'must correlate the social, the economic, and the political, which deepening specialisation tends to keep in separate compartments'.

These are hard and austere thoughts. And their application is uncertain. Indeed one wonders whether to some extent the two principles to which most modern historians are wedded are not incompatible. For without some philosophical approach to history, without some preconceived idea of the aspects of human life and morality which should be judged important, how can the historian execute the required synthesis? All historical writing depends on a selection of facts. The bigger the sweep and scope of his subject, the more difficult the selection becomes; and the nearer the historian approaches modern times the bulkier is the mass of material from which he can draw. Man's life is short. To complete an objective synthesis, free from any *arrière-pensée*, of all the aspects of any given historical period requires a large part of life. Moreover, when the historian is young and inexperienced both in his craft and in the affairs of men his judgments are liable to be foolish. And when he is old he has not the vigour or patience to carry out the vast researches necessary to attain his ideal. Thus one is inclined to speculate whether the pronouncements of the academic historian are not demands for the impossible.

How far, judged in terms of published work, have British historians managed to achieve their ideals so far? H. A. L. Fisher's *History of Europe* which he published towards the end of his life was a bold attempt at synthesis from which he excluded any plot, rhythm or pattern: it has not escaped unscathed at the hands of the academic critics. The *Cambridge Modern History*, launched by Lord Acton, became a mixed collection of essays when his genius left it: Cambridge is now having another shot, but a co-operative work, however well edited, is rarely of uniform quality. The *Oxford History of England*, edited by Mr. G. N. Clark, the arch-apostle of scientific and synthetical history, also varies in quality and many years after it was started still remains incomplete. The book which in our generation is probably the bravest and best written effort at historical work of an all-embracing character is Professor Toynbee's *A Study of History* which has had an influence comparable only to H. G. Wells' *Outline*: and both these authors had a pronounced point of view. Among recent books Mr. Rowse's *Age of Elizabeth* is a valuable example of work based on wide research but inspired and warmed by a definite and unconcealed philosophy of life. But perhaps, after all, we have misunderstood Professor Harlow. For he concludes his lecture by saying 'the compass of our subject . . . is nothing less than the vindication in corporate action of the absolute value of the spirit of man', and if that is not 'meta-history', what is?

* *The Historian and British Colonial History*. Oxford University Press. 2s.

THE SPLIT IN THE UNITED NATIONS on policy towards China was the predominant subject for discussion by commentators last week. In the early part of the week, press comment as quoted from America was extremely critical of the attitude of Britain and other countries. Thus, the *New York Times* commented:

If the United Nations, or any substantial fraction of it, yield to Peking's bullying, there is not the slightest reason to believe that the cause of world peace will be advanced by a fraction of an inch. There is reason to believe, on the other hand, that the United Nations as an effective instrument to maintain international peace and security would have ceased to exist. A principle would have been established that a small nation doing wrong would be denounced and disciplined, but that a large nation doing wrong would be tolerated and even placated.

The same newspaper expressed the opinion that if China were now admitted to the United Nations, 'with a gun in its hands', it would be a reward for aggression, whose moral result would be calamitous for the United Nations. The *New York Times* was likewise quoted as being very critical of the stand taken by the Arab-Asian bloc in the United Nations and by Mr. Nehru. On Mr. Nehru's stand, it commented:

It is strange indeed that one of the greatest living pleaders for freedom is cast in the role of apologist for a regime whose whole character is grounded in the destruction of freedom. It is quite obvious that Mr. Nehru, along with many others, has made a misappraisal of the Chinese Communists.

The *Baltimore Sun* was quoted as saying:

If we may judge by Mr. Attlee's considered (and perhaps timorous) words, he thinks there is still some hope of settlement by negotiation and therefore draws away from calling aggression by its right name. It seems reasonably certain that if the British Government and those other governments which follow its lead cannot summon the fortitude to make even a verbal stand against naked aggression in Asia, it will be even harder for them to summon the fortitude to make a stand in force against aggression in Europe.

The influential middle-west *St. Louis Post Dispatch*, however, said that 'only the Kremlin could applaud' if Britain and the United States were involved in a Far Eastern war, which 'would be exposing the more important centre (Western Europe) for the sake of dubious adventure on the periphery'. The same paper, in another issue, urged the United States not to reject China's latest proposals out of hand, since 'an Asian settlement is so important to the United States above all that no chance of achieving it should be neglected'. The *Washington Post* urged that this was no time for rash or unwise action. It was particularly sympathetic to the Canadian proposals:

Many countries are satisfied neither with the appeasement efforts of the Arab-Asian group, nor with the too sweeping American resolution. The Canadian proposal has not yet been fully clarified, but at least there is virtue in discussion which avoids both extremes. . . . If a cease-fire can be arranged on terms which will preserve the integrity of the United Nations and give promise of liquidating the Chinese aggression, the opportunity should certainly be grasped.

The *Washington Post* went on to make the same point as the *Christian Science Monitor*, namely:

The Chinese are manifestly more interested in negotiations now than they were two weeks ago, when they apparently expected to drive us out of Korea.

One would not think this to be the case from Peking broadcasts, which spoke of the 'decisive fiasco suffered by the Americans in Korea'.

Press comment quoted from France stressed that no manoeuvre of any kind would divide the free nations. The Radical Socialist *L'Aurore* was quoted as saying:

If a compromise like that submitted by Canada is rejected by Peking, it is unnecessary to say that the unanimity of the free nations will request the United Nations to do its duty.

A Turkish broadcast expressed the view that the Asian and Arab States were trying to play a Third Force role, without giving much thought to the practicability of so doing in the present situation. This view was borne out by a Cairo broadcast, speaking of the rapprochement between the Arab and Asian States, which said that if the Asiatic countries such as India, Pakistan, Afghanistan, Persia and Indonesia joined the Arab countries, they would be a formidable force capable of holding a balance of power in the world.

Did You Hear That?

WHO INVENTED THE LETTER-BOX?

FIFTEEN VOLUMES OF DIARIES, written by the man who introduced the penny post—Sir Rowland Hill—have been presented to the Postmaster-General for safe keeping. AUDREY RUSSELL, B.B.C. reporter, spoke about them in 'The Eye-witness'. 'The most thrilling extract in this journal', she said, 'to us—and maybe, to Sir Rowland Hill at the time—reads:

January 10th, 1840. Rose at 8.20. Penny Postage extended to the whole of the kingdom this day! I have abstained from going to the Post Office tonight lest I should embarrass their proceedings. I guess that the numbers dispatched tonight will be not less than a hundred thousand, or more than three times what it was this day twelve months. If less, I shall be disappointed.

'This entry marked the fulfilment of the great postal reform that Hill had been working on for some years. In the earlier part of the century the method of sending letters seems rather chaotic to our present-day way of thinking. Each letter was sent on a cash-on-delivery basis, the postman at the other end sometimes having to spend many hours finding the recipient who would pay for his mail. The charges varied according to the distance—the average amount being about 1s. or 1s. 4d.

'Hill began keeping his journals in September, 1839, which was just after the Bill authorising the reform had been passed through Parliament. For about three years he made daily entries in small, neat handwriting in leather-bound octavo notebooks. There was an interruption when Hill lost his job as Secretary to the Post Office after a change of government—the Penny Post had been a highly controversial issue. But Hill profited by the interval, copying out the whole of the three years' entries in an even neater hand into large ledgers with bright blue paper of foolscap size. The day-to-day entries were continued three years later, when, with the return of the Liberals, he received a new appointment.

'An interesting point that has puzzled postal historians in the past has now been virtually cleared up by the journals. This is whether the credit for introducing the letter-box should go to Rowland Hill or Anthony Trollope, the novelist, who was also surveyor to the Post Office. In 1852 Rowland Hill writes: "Sir Henry Cole"—a character who, by the way, is known to us now chiefly in connection with the Great Exhibition of 1851—"has been travelling in Germany and he tells me that iron boxes for the receipt of letters, such as I projected at the Treasury, are placed in the streets of Vienna, Berlin and the large towns". It seems that at about the same time the Postmaster-General authorised some letter-boxes to be put up in villages of the Channel Islands, as suggested by Trollope. A few days later we find another entry by Hill on the same subject: "I found during an interview that the Postmaster-General is not disinclined to a trial of these letter-boxes in the great thoroughfares of London". And so it seems the honours break even.

'This orderly statement of facts as they happened day by day in the affairs of the Post Office, written up in fifteen volumes, forms an important addition to its record office. It adds much to the picture that we have of this great reformer and somehow matches the bronze statue of him outside the Post Office headquarters in London. This depicts a tall, imposing gentleman, immaculate in a frock coat, with a pencil poised in his hand. He smiles benignly towards a pillar-box, not far away, where thousands of letters are posted every day'.

PRESERVING THE MUSK-OX

A census is to be taken of the musk-ox, which lives in some of the most remote areas of the polar regions, because the spread of civilisation northwards is threatening it with extinction. Dr. MAURICE BURTON, speaking of this remarkable creature in the Home Service, said: 'It

looks something like a yak, and it also has characteristics of the sheep and the goat. It takes us back in imagination to the Ice Age. A stocky animal with massive sweeping horns, it wanders across the uninhabited wilderness of the far north, its ragged coarse hair waving in the winds sweeping down the lower slopes of the mountains where it browses on the delicate green shoots of polar willow and the tundra mosses. Fifty or so years ago the herds ran to 200 or more animals. Members of an American expedition in Northern Greenland since the war came upon one herd numbering well over 100, but in the more southerly parts of Greenland the herds average only about fifteen; there are not more than 3,000 musk-oxen in the whole vast region of Canada's north-east territories, and the animal was wiped out in Alaska a century ago.



Musk-oxen on a mountainside in Greenland

'It seems an extraordinary thing that civilisation should affect a creature living up in the wastes of the Arctic to within 650 miles of the North Pole itself. But it has, and you may well ask why. The reason is that the animal, at least mentally, still lives in the conditions reigning in the Ice Age. Once its only enemies were the wolf and the Eskimo hunter armed with a spear. When attacked the bulls form into a semi-circle, shoulder to shoulder, with their heads down, and the cows and calves behind them—a karre, it is called. Approach the karre, and the leader steps forward to give battle. Shoot him, and the next bull steps forward to give battle, and so on until all the bulls are dead and the hunter with a taste for the flesh of the musk-ox, or a market for the shaggy pelts, picks off the cows and calves, one by one, until he has wiped out the whole herd.

'Shortly after the first world war, naturalists decided something would have to be done if the musk-ox was to survive the arrival of civilisation among the barren wastes of its northern home. A small herd was trapped in Greenland and shipped to the Dovre Mountains in Norway. Another small herd was shipped to Spitzbergen, a Norwegian archipelago only the length of the British Isles from the North Pole, where an explorer saw eight last year; and in 1930 thirty-four animals were shipped from Greenland to Nunivak, a wild but beautiful island off the coast of Alaska. Today the Nunivak herd numbers about 100, and it is being used to re-establish this grand animal in Alaska itself. Meanwhile, the Canadian Government set aside some 15,000 square miles of wilderness up in the Arctic regions of north-east Canada for the musk-ox; and the animal is subject to game laws in Greenland. But it is difficult to enforce game laws in areas the size of France where the population is only about 500 people, each of whom carries a rifle and looks on the musk-ox as a source of meat. This applies to the

Eskimos, who are hunters, and the staff of meteorological stations and expeditions who rely on the musk-oxen for fresh meat. To give you an idea of the slaughter by explorers in the past, Matt Henson, the Negro who accompanied Peary to the North Pole, killed 200 of these oxen in one month'.

THE FIRST WOMAN MOUNTAINEER?

'It was round about the year 1860', said CICELY WILLIAMS in a talk in 'Mainly for Women', 'when the names of climbers like Leslie Stephen and Edward Whymper were becoming famous all over Europe, that people suddenly became aware of the incredible fact that there actually were lady mountaineers. This revelation came as a complete surprise to mid-Victorian minds; such a thing was entirely out of keeping with the conventional idea of a well-bred young lady.

It must be admitted, I am afraid, that the first recorded ascent by a woman is by no means in keeping with the great traditions which have since been established by women alpinists. In 1838 Mlle. Henrietta d'Angeville decided that she would be the first woman to ascend Mont



Women mountaineers: a cartoon showing how they were thought of in the eighteen-fifties

'Picture Post' Library

Blanc, an ambition she had cherished for many years in spite of the disapproval of her family. She appears to have had no illusions as to the dangerous nature of her project, and insisted on making her will before setting out. The costume she deemed necessary for the expedition seems rather extravagant even for those days of heavily-clothed women. The main item was a check climbing suit with wide trousers and a long flowing coat; under this she wore a quantity of red flannel underclothes. Woollen gloves and stockings were included, also a long black feather boa, and the outfit was tastefully finished off with a huge beret decorated with feathers. The extra clothing carried by her porters consisted of a fur-lined pelisse and a straw hat—Mlle. d'Angeville was obviously determined to be prepared for all extremes of weather. She was escorted by a vast company of guides and porters, many of whom carried the enormous quantity of food and wine required by such a party. The lady herself was satisfied with comparatively little—some soup, a few prunes and a private blancmange which she carried herself in a special flask. Impossible as it may seem, Henrietta d'Angeville, sustained no doubt by the thought of the crowds watching her from Chamonix, actually reached the summit of Mont Blanc, though it has never been established that she was the first woman to do so. She continued to climb until at the age of sixty-nine-and-a-half she made her twenty-first and final ascent'.

AN AIR CORRESPONDENT ON EXTINCT BIRDS

A bird life exhibition is now open at the Natural History Museum, South Kensington. The processes which sent the first animal winging its own way through space are nearly set out in brass cases for the visitor to take in at a glance. CHARLES GARDNER, B.B.C. Air Correspondent, gave his impression in 'Radio Newsreel'.

'The exhibition tells us', he said, 'that birds and their ancestors—various kinds of flying reptiles—have been in aviation now for about 300,000,000 years. Indeed, the pterosaurs, one of the earliest designs of airborne reptile, have been extinct for 65,000,000 years, having shown the way to flight by running on their hind legs and then sprouting scaly wings, to become, as it were, the Wright Brothers of the world of living creatures. The fixed scales of these Mark I pterosaurs gave way to the flexible feathers of the archaoptery some 120,000,000 years ago, and with these movable, spreadable, and controllable feathers, bird life really began to develop. There was probably opposition to the change-over at the time—meetings of protest about these new-fangled feather things. "Scales have done for me and my grandfather before me for the last 100,000,000 years"—but feathers did come and they did stay.

And the exhibition shows us how clever the birds have been with their feathered wings, developing high lift devices for quick take-off; thin wings for speed; long wings for manoeuvrability; short ones for flight in overgrown country; and silent, muffled ones for raiding, as in the night-strike version of the owl. Of course, we only see today the successful design of bird. There have been those where the drawing-board went wrong and the type had only a short operational life, usually because it was too slow or did not have enough aileron control to dodge the fighters. But there is one thing that can be said for 300,000,000 years of bird research and development compared with man's fifty years or so: it is very seldom you see a bird, for reasons other than enemy action, grounded for lack of spares, or stuck up in the air because its undercarriage has jammed. And, as a final proof of their acumen, certain birds have for millions of years been using a small horizontal feather in front of their wings to produce an anti-stalling "slot" arrangement, and, as far as can be traced, they have not paid one penny piece in royalty for this to that leading British aircraft manufacturer who holds the patent'.

A GREAT INHERITANCE

Royal documents dating back over 600 years are now being assembled and stored again at the offices of the Duchy of Cornwall in Buckingham Gate, London, which have been reconstructed after air raid damage nine years ago. The fine council chamber, which was wrecked by the full force of the bomb, has been carefully restored. GODFREY TALBOT spoke about it in 'The Eye-witness'.

It is a lofty room that has windows looking out over Birdcage Walk and the royal parks and the royal palace. Inside the room you stand on a lovely modern carpet in blue and beige, specially made, with—woven into it—the black shield of the Duchy and that other familiar badge, the Prince of Wales' feathers (for a Duke of Cornwall is the first-born son of the monarch who is also the son who is created Prince of Wales). Over a great area of that carpet stands a long council table, of Regency mahogany, its top reflecting like flawless glass the candle lights of a magnificent chandelier hanging from a ceiling of delicately gilded mouldings.

A high-backed armchair for the King stands at the head of the table. On the walls of the council chamber hang prints of princes and kings of centuries past—a record and portrait gallery of these possessors of Duchy lands in days long gone by—and coats of arms showing the descent of the Dukedom from 1337, when Edward III founded it by making his son, the Black Prince, Duke of Cornwall, and vesting that title for ever in the eldest son of the sovereign. The Dukedom is in abeyance at present: there is no Duke of Cornwall because there is no son. But Cornwall continues to be a Royal Duchy, and the situation is—as it has been very often during the last 600 years—that the King is himself possessor of the Duchy and landlord of its agricultural manors, its farms and estates extending over 140,000 acres, mostly in the west of England (there are properties in the Scilly Isles and in London too—for instance, the King owns the Oval cricket ground, for that is Duchy land).

The administration of all the properties of the Duchy of Cornwall is a considerable task; and it is the keeping of maps and deeds and letters and accounts (many of them very old) that has created such a store of documents. The records were sent to the west country for safety during the war, and they are now being reassembled in their reconstructed home. They include some faded old parchments which bring intimate life to ancient history. There is, for example, an expenses sheet of the Black Prince himself, from the middle of the fourteenth century, showing some of the costs the Duchy moneys had to meet—expenses of the wars in France; things like costs of army supplies, food and pay for the stout archers and men-at-arms'.

Baroque Painting in Italy

By NIKOLAUS PEVSNER

I OFTEN wonder how many people, when they go to Royal Academy exhibitions at Burlington House, think of Burlington House as Lord Burlington's house. Yet, in spite of all the alterations inside and out, the house is still there. Look at the front and forget the mid-nineteenth-century colonnade and the fussy trim, and you still have a restrained, carefully balanced, classical composition,



'Madonna della Rosa', by Domenichino (1581-1641)

Lent by the Chatsworth Estates Company

very disciplined, nobly proportioned—the great Palladio of Vicenza transported to Piccadilly, London, England. Lord Burlington was in fact the prophet of that classic Italian style in England. He was only twenty-one when Burlington House was begun, a monument of determined opposition to the baroque grandeur of late Christopher Wren, Hawksmoor and Vanbrugh. It is just as well to remember that Burlington House and Vanbrugh's robust, fanciful, dramatic buildings went up at the same time. Without knowing of this polarity of classicism and baroque one cannot understand the eighteenth century—nor the seventeenth.

The catalogue of the present Royal Academy Exhibition* tells us that Lord Burlington, who, when he was in Italy, purchased a number of paintings as well as looking at buildings, spent more money on Domenichino's *Madonna della Rosa* than on any other picture. It seems odd to us. Apparently the Seicento appealed most strongly to a man like Lord Burlington where it seems least attractive to us. Look at that even oval of the face, the long nose, the small yet full-lipped mouth,

the hard modelling, the all-too-smooth composition, with the parallelism of the heads of the Virgin and the Child and of the arm of the Virgin and the legs of the child. Her open hand holds roses—a graceful motif, but how lifelessly handled. Yet Sir Joshua Reynolds' *Discourses* delivered sixty and seventy years later confirm Lord Burlington's enthusiasm: 'The Roman, the Florentine, and Bolognese Schools . . . these are the three great schools of the world'. Rome and Florence, of course, that is Michelangelo and Raphael—but Bologna? Bologna must mean Domenichino and his masters, the Carracci, and Guido Reni, and some others. Who would now mention these painters in the same breath as Raphael and Michelangelo? But let us go on for another moment with Reynolds. 'Style in painting', he says, 'is a power over materials, by which conceptions or sentiments are conveyed. And in this Lodovico Carracci in his best works appears to me to approach the nearest to perfection'. And again, Guido Reni's idea of beauty, he says, 'is acknowledged superior to that of any other painter'. Now, in the light of such praise, go and look at the *Crucifixion* by Reni at the Academy exhibition. The trouble with it is that it is so sentimental. The looks are lacrymose—all three, Christ, the Virgin, and St. John, raising plaintive eyes to heaven—and the colours are so glassy. I suppose one can understand what the seventeenth and eighteenth century admired; an even composition and a flow of feeling, free yet not offensive; classical balance made less exacting by an effusion of sentiment. No, surely this is not on the same level with Raphael and Michelangelo.



'St. John the Baptist', by Caravaggio (1573-1610)

Lent by Brigadier R. C. J. Chichester-Constable

* Holbein and Other Masters of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries

The exhibition itself proves the point; for here, for the first time after more than ten years, Michelangelo's marble tondo of the Virgin, the precious possession of the Royal Academy, is on show. Compare it with such a good Carracci Madonna as that from Hampton Court or with Lord Burlington's Domenichino Madonna. You will see the difference in calibre at once. Michelangelo has a single-mindedness, a tension, an energy, which—in terms of very different characters—the other heroes of the High Renaissance, Raphael and Titian, also possess.

Reni has none of that. Take his 'St. John' from Dulwich—a first-rate example of his mature style. There is no real concentration in the figure. The contours are open—look at the arms and legs—and the body in its diagonal position is relaxed. The gesture is of operatic eloquence. The face is surrounded by thick attractive curls of hair, the mouth open as if to address us. It is all of an easy, accommodating appeal. Now this is precisely what was so much admired. The Bolognese school kept some of the formulae of the classic High Renaissance, but loosened its reins.

In the whole Italian Seicento only one man was as single-minded and concentrated as the great masters of a hundred years before—Caravaggio, the founder of the Italian baroque, who died as early as 1610. Just compare his 'St. John' with Reni's. You see how firmly he has modelled the body of the saint—how solid and self-contained its composition, how sharp, violent, unambiguous the lighting, how sombre the expression, and you can also see how searching the observation must have been to represent flesh or the herbs on the ground as closely as they are represented by Caravaggio. What was so provocatively new at the time when he painted was the vehemence of light and dark for the purpose of a determined modelling, and the close-upness of the detail. You recognise these qualities at once at the exhibition, and, besides, you can go to the National Gallery and look at Caravaggio's 'Christ at Emmaus', or better still to the Louvre where you can look at his huge 'Death of the Virgin' and compare it with any of the equally huge Bolognese altar paintings there.

For in one thing the Academy exhibition fails us and is almost bound to fail us—all appreciation of the Seicento needs a large scale. You need pictures twelve feet high and the decoration of a whole church or a whole saloon in a private palace. The pathos of the Seicento—the century, mind you, which invented opera—called for large surfaces and, what is more, for whole rooms, architecture and all. Proof of that is the only other real genius the Italian Seicento has produced, Bernini. Bernini, who was a generation younger than Caravaggio, has certain universally baroque qualities in common with him. Both are naturalists, both are masters in the handling of light, and both are unashamedly sensational. But otherwise the difference of date means great differences in style. Caravaggio stands at the beginning of the early baroque, Bernini at the beginning of the high baroque—that is, Caravaggio has wonderfully compact compositions and the hardest, most obtrusively palpable modelling; Bernini is explosive, expansive, reaching out violently in all directions, and he is sketchy and fluid in his technique. Of his brilliant impressionism as a painter only one portrait bears witness at the exhibition—a portrait good enough to be by Velasquez. But Bernini was a sculptor more than a painter, and his sculptural art is, alas, entirely unrepresented at the exhibition.

There is, however, a series of sketches for fountains, and these are immensely important. Few other things are so completely representative of what the baroque was after. A fountain is not a work of one art—is it architecture, is it sculpture? It is decoration—that is, an application of a number of arts—and I shall have a good deal more to say in a moment about the importance of decoration for the baroque. Nor is Bernini even satisfied with the contribution of the arts alone. He intro-

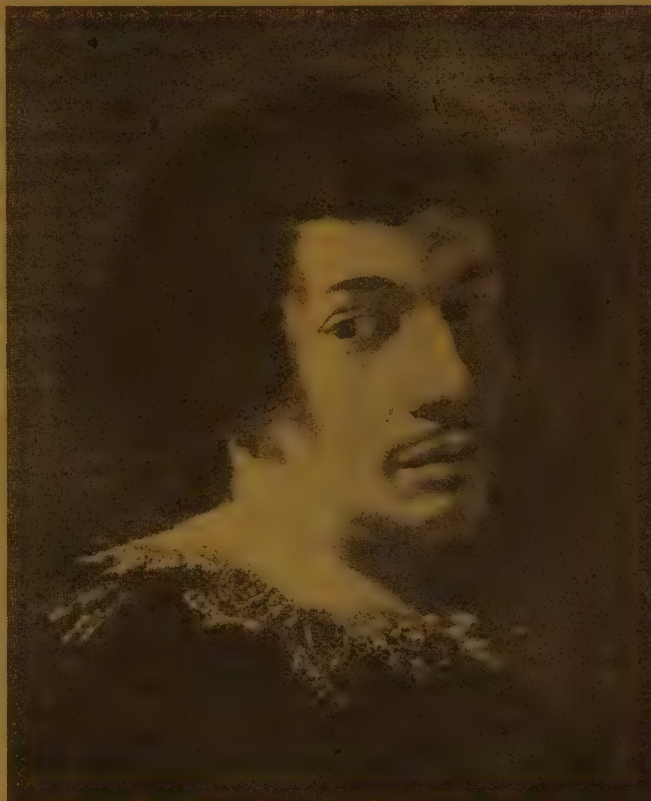
duces rocks seemingly untouched by man—that is, he tries to convey the impression as if his work were, before our eyes, growing out of the sphere of reality into the sphere of art. And this sense of growth, of a dynamic event, is also reflected in the technique of the sketches, rapid, dashing, unfinished. Finally, a fountain calls for that very treatment; for its job is to be seen in conjunction with shooting-up and running-down water. So a fountain is a *Gesamtkunstwerk*, if ever there was one, and the *Gesamtkunstwerk* is a characteristic expression of the baroque—hence the invention of the opera.

So the greatest Italian representative of the baroque, Bernini, was a sculptor and a painter, and a great architect as well. In his work at St. Peter's or the Cornaro Chapel in S. Maria della Vittoria you can hardly sort out what should be called architecture and what sculpture. Nor need it be sorted out; for the superordinate category in the baroque is not one of these arts, as architecture was in the Middle Ages, and painting in the nineteenth century, but decoration, a category which comprises them all, but to a certain extent devaluates them all too. Take Versailles, that supreme example of the baroque. It is a masterpiece of decoration, not of architecture or painting or sculpture. Decoration means that no individual piece need ever be taken quite so seriously as in the Renaissance. You can see that very clearly if you look at the other Seicento drawings at the exhibition. Many of the best of them are brilliantly decorative, for instance the lovely, velvety early Guercinos or the Castigliones, with their billow forms, reminding one of liquids bubbling over.

Much Italian oil painting of the Seicento has that same quality, and it is the painters who went in for this eruptive technique, for the dynamics of rapid hatching, and for whirling, swelling curves—it is those painters whom we today appreciate most. That, mind

you, is a new thing—the very opposite of the taste of Burlington's and Reynolds' time. They wanted their Seicento mildly classical; we want ours fiery, with a lot of gusto, even if it is facile. But there again the exhibition fails us. Sir Gerald Kelly in his very carefully worded preface speaks of serious difficulties preventing some of the Seicento pictures from appearing on the walls of the Academy. That is, alas, only too true. They were withdrawn. These pictures which could have been shown would have given the Seicento rooms just that kick which they now lack. What a difference a big succulent early Guercino would have made, or some big Genoese mid-seventeenth-century paintings, or one of those Giovanni Liss pictures which can be almost as good as Rubens. Well—you have superb Rubenses at the exhibition, that enchanting portrait of his young wife especially, so delightfully young, and painted with a proprietary fondness rarely matched even in his own work. With that nothing of the Italian Seicento can compete. For the truth of the matter is that among the very greatest painters of the baroque not one is Italian. Who are they? They are Rubens and Rembrandt and Velasquez and Frans Hals.

In Italian painting, while much is highly enjoyable, little or nothing is really sublime or really profound. What is enjoyable? Strozzi, I would say, who is well represented, with his almost Flemish buxom creatures and his juicy handling of paint, and Fetti with his spirited technique of story-telling on a small scale and his feathery landscape backgrounds, and Cavallino with his long, slender, elegant, overbred figures, and certainly Luca Giordano, the most brazen of decorators. Him one should also see in large pictures, but a small one such as the 'Acis and Galatea' from Chatsworth is a substitute well worth having. As you look at it, your eye is kept on the move all the time by pleasantly undulating diagonals; nothing holds you up, except perhaps the very pinkness and attractiveness of the nudes. And that voluptuous element also belongs to the baroque.



'Portrait of a Man', by Bernini (1598-1684), traditionally ascribed to Velasquez

Lent by the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford

It is, I think, to say it once more, these qualities of the Seicento, its sensuousness and sensationalism, its impromptu, its impertinence, and also its dash and its *brio* which we are looking for now, not its semi-classical attitudinising. That also can be done supremely well, but again only rarely by the Italians. In this tendency within the baroque which is only baroque *malgré soi-même*, the highest genius is met in Poussin, although the Domenichino landscape from the Fitzwilliam Museum explains why Poussin admired Domenichino more than any other Seicento painter. The Carracci drawings also, with their firm forms, give one an idea of why Reynolds could rank them so high and why a French connoisseur of the late Seicento, Roger de Piles, could, as far as draughtsmanship goes, call the Carracci and Domenichino together with Raphael, Michelangelo and Poussin the greatest of all masters. But it remains a shame to have to try to judge the Carracci by drawings only. Large Carracci altar-pieces, such as the ones in the Louvre, prove that, in spite of their more classical allegiances, the Carracci belong to the baroque as much as Caravaggio and as much as Bernini.

Such terms as baroque are very useful, if they are sufficiently precisely defined. I have mentioned at least a few criteria. Here is yet another you can try out at the Academy. I said that in a painting of Luca Giordano's one thing always flows smoothly into another. In all baroque art each motif, each figure, each individual work points beyond itself. That can be achieved by agitated gestures, or by a general sketchiness in pictorial technique, or by the deliberate mixing up of reality and fiction (as where painted figures in a ceiling are continued in stucco figures stretching their arms and legs into our real space) or it can be achieved by giving sculptured figures real hair (as they liked to do in Spain), or by tricks of illusion, by *trompe-l'œil* such as

paintings seeming to be stone reliefs, or in architecture by making a vista appear longer than it is, or—and this is a much more serious expression of the same desire—by letting all figures merge in a dark yet fully alive atmosphere. Rembrandt does with his often misunderstood *clair obscur*. This *clair obscur* is meant to represent the infinity of space around us, it lifts the individual out of his physical isolation and makes him part of a greater whole.

Part of a greater whole—that is what baroque art is intended to be, in its decorative as well as its religious aspects. The statue and the painting may be part of the decorative *ensemble* of a great hall in a palace, or the individual building part of a town-plan, or the tree in a Rubens landscape part of a 'universal creative turbulence never at rest, or Rembrandt's late 'Family Group', which was recently shown for a while at the National Gallery, part of a mysterious unity of the universe. No wonder the seventeenth century was also the century of Newton, the century which discovered infinity in mathematics and infinity in astronomy.

Such thoughts and speculations take one far away from the reality of Italian Seicento pictures. Something on the plane of Rembrandt's wisdom or the *élan vital* of Rubens exists in Italy only in certain grandiose *ensembles*—not in individual easel pictures. I have spoken to many people about this Academy show. They all expressed the same feeling of anti-climax when they reached the Seicento rooms. That feeling is partly due to the withdrawal of some of the most enjoyable pictures, but partly also no doubt to the fact that Holbein as a master of the Renaissance is great and complete in every one of his drawings, but that Bernini and all the other Seicento artists will always appear fragmentary if torn out of the context of church or palace.

—Third Programme

What is Social Research?

W. J. H. SPROTT gives the first of a series of talks on 'Studies on Social Change'

YEARS ago the question, 'What shall we do with the drunken sailor?' would have been answered, as it was in the song, by individual treatment of the individual case. But our attitude to social questions has undergone a change, and today we would make a survey of drunkenness among naval personnel. Fewer and fewer people are prepared to accept the first answer that comes into their heads. People in general are much more ready to adopt an enquiring rather than a condemnatory attitude.

This enquiring, scientific attitude towards social problems has had a long history, and its spread is due to the convergence of several processes. In the seventeenth century the focus of interest was political theory, and discussion proceeded upon a philosophical rather than a scientific basis. In the eighteenth century, however, with the physiocrats and the French Encyclopaedists, with such people as Montesquieu, Adam Smith and Saint-Simon, the notion was established that social phenomena were subject to social laws. This paved the way for Comte, the first person to speak of 'sociology'. In the next century in England, John Stuart Mill and Jeremy Bentham urged the application of scientific methods to the study and regulation of society, while Marx and Engels put forward a theory of social development which has completely transformed our way of thinking about social phenomena.

On the whole all this was mainly a matter of armchair argumentation; discussion about methods of reasoning, and deduction from an oversimplified and over-rational idea about the nature of man. Social science, however, was judged a possibility, though reason, rather than observation, should be its guide. This attitude is, alas, still with us, but gradually social research in the true sense is coming into its own.

An interest in statistics dates from the seventeenth century when John Graunt published his *Natural and Political Observations upon the Bills of Mortality* in 1662, William Petty published his *Political Arithmetic* in 1690, and Gregory King made his estimate of the population of England and Wales in 1695. But this was a specialist interest, and when it was proposed in 1753 that a census should be taken, the bill, though it was carried in the House of Commons by a large majority, was rejected by the House of Lords. It was feared lest 'an epidemical distemper should follow the numbering', and one

speaker in the House of Commons declared that he 'did not believe that there was any set of men, or indeed, any individual of the human species, so presumptuous and so abandoned as to make the proposal we have just heard'. It was not till 1801 that the first census was taken, and this was largely due to another piece of social research by Thomas Malthus.

The need for statistical material became more and more apparent to people interested in social affairs in the nineteenth century. Florence Nightingale, for instance, who was known as the 'Passionate Statistician', demanded figures of hospital treatment and urged Francis Galton in 1891 to 'jot down other great branches upon which he would wish for statistics, (and) for some teaching how to use these statistics in order to legislate for and to administer our national life with more precision and experience'. She appealed to a sympathetic listener; Galton was the most inquisitive of men. When he was investigating the problem of hereditary genius he had noted that people in different occupations had different expectations of life. It then occurred to him to examine the effect in this matter of petitionary prayer and he found that the mean age at death of members of royal houses, who are most prayed for, was only 64.04 years, less, indeed, than that of artists, medical men and gentry. Furthermore, in spite of the petition that they should be endowed with grace, wisdom and understanding, the nobility were particularly subject to insanity.

We, who have been warned against the fallacy of *post hoc ergo propter hoc*, are unmoved by these alarming revelations, but we cannot help admiring—and even envying—Galton's irrepressible curiosity. The same sort of curiosity about what actually happens inspired Le Play, a French engineer, who thought that the study of society ought to be approached by a careful consideration of family life in all its details—the occupations of its members, the family budget, and the kind of life they lived. His celebrated studies of working-class family life in Europe were published in 1855. Le Play founded a school of followers in France and, in England, his method was introduced by Victor Branford, an Edinburgh doctor.

Another pioneer of field-work was the great Charles Booth: he undertook the gigantic task of making a social survey of London. For

some time he had been associated with the Charity Organisation Society, but he determined to find out for himself who the poor really were, and how poor they were. To do this he employed an army of helpers, and got a great deal of his basic material from School Board Visitors. The complete edition of the work, which is called the *Life and Labour of the People in London* runs into seventeen volumes. This was a very great achievement. The planning and organising of it, with no previous models to go by, is remarkable enough, but that was by no means all. Booth went to look for himself, and lived for considerable periods in the poverty stricken districts in which he was most interested. One of his assistants was a Miss Beatrice Potter who worked in a sweating shop making clothes, to see what it was like. Later on she, Sidney Webb, and the Fabian Circle who gathered round them were for ever insisting on the importance of research.

In this sketchy account of some of the forerunners of modern social research you can trace the different influences. There is the rationalist protest against obscurantism; there is scientific curiosity; there is philanthropy; there is an awakening to the horrors of the early days of the industrial age such as the insanitary conditions of the towns, which were the special interest of Edwin Chadwick.

Moral Responsibility

The study of human beings differs to this extent from the study of other natural phenomena: it is seldom inspired by sheer curiosity. Somewhere bound up with it, one nearly always finds the desire to improve existing conditions, and that is why it is almost always concerned with social problems in the practical sense: poverty, disease, delinquency, absenteeism and the like. All the same, the interest on the part of a few people in practical social problems does not account for the general interest in the social sciences which I suggest is a characteristic of our age. I think this is due to two interconnected processes: the development of psychology and the broadening of the sense of moral responsibility.

The more one studies the factors responsible for the shaping of human personality, the more one is impressed by the influence of other people upon it. After all, the whole point of these bodies of theory which derive from the teaching of Freud—psycho-analysis, the so-called individual psychology of Adler and the generalised psycho-analytic theory of people like Karen Horney—is that the adult personality gets some of its most important characteristics from the social environment of infancy. Now one cannot restrict one's attention to the individual home. The home, it is true, is the first social environment of the child, but the home is what it is partly because of its social setting. If a child is moulded by the way it is brought up, we naturally want to know why it was brought up like that, and this at once brings in the culture-pattern in which the home circle participates.

All this, I suggest, is a natural development of psychological thought. It has, of course, been enormously influenced by the writings of such cultured anthropologists as Margaret Mead and Ruth Benedict. They have made us more conscious of our own social environment by contrasting it with others. The application of anthropological ways of thinking to the study of modern American cities has also had its effect, and the social psychologist is encouraged to view modern civilised countries with the dispassionate interest of a field-worker living in a primitive community. The result is that we have become more and more sociologically-minded, as one might say, and just as psycho-analytic notions have seeped into everyday thought, so I think culture-patternism is insensibly colouring the outlook of non-professional psychologists.

This source of widespread interest in social matters is, I think, pretty generally accepted, but what about the other? It may seem wilfully paradoxical to suggest that our sense of moral responsibility is broadened, when so many people are saying that other people are losing their sense of moral responsibility altogether. Of course I am well aware that never before have so few people been able to do so much damage—look at the Nazis. All the same, it seems to me that never before were so many people concerned with the welfare of so many people. Wherever one looks one finds people worried about the welfare of millions who would have been no concern of theirs a generation ago. Masses of the population, who used to accept their lot without demur, are now asking the awkward question, 'Where do I come in?' For centuries they have been taught their duties: now they are claiming their rights. Their claims may be unpalatable to some people, but the sense of justice, which is the core of morality, makes it increasingly difficult to deny their claims once they are insistently stated. It is argued that what I have

called a broadening of the sense of moral responsibility is really no more than a desire to preserve the *status quo* by the provision of a few palliatives. I do not see that there is any evidence to show that the magistrate and probation officer who are concerned about the social background of the delinquent, or the captains and managers of industry wanting to improve the social relations of their operatives, are merely actuated by the interests of the class to which they belong. No, the sense of social justice has always operated within limits; what has happened is that the limits have been extended. In the old days we were conscious of the claims of relatively few people and our sense of fairness was restricted to those few. Now we are conscious of the claim of everyone and our sense of fairness is expanded. It has expanded beyond our borders. We are uneasy about Colonial Administration. We are uneasy about our relations with Far Eastern countries. In fact, our economic interests are constantly being complicated by our sympathies.

I said a moment ago that the two processes which I have been discussing—the development of psychological theory and the expansion of our sense of social responsibility—are inter-connected. What I mean by this is that they interact on one another. As we have become more aware of the intimate inter-relatedness of pretty well everyone in the world, so we have become more used to thinking in terms of society, of groups, of social relations, than in terms of the individuals which they produce. In fact I think that the work of the pioneers, combined with a socially orientated psychology and a greater concern for human welfare, has already ushered in an age of social research which will—if we are spared—go on expanding. I am not saying that social research is our only salvation, because in a sense that is simply not true. I am rather saying that social research is already here as part of the age in which we live. Of course, those engaged in it may smile somewhat wryly. They naturally feel themselves up against the manifold forces of ignorance and complacency. They want more money, they want more facilities, they want more encouragement. And quite right too. But bit by bit I believe they will get what they want. The increasing load of responsibility for welfare which is now undertaken by the state, and which in my view is only one symptom of the moral advance I have been talking about, will almost inevitably lead to an increase in funds available for the research which is needed to shape and check-up on policy. Indeed there are signs that this has already started.

Welfare and Policy

The importance of social research is obvious enough if you think of the sort of society which we are bringing into being. We are trying to ensure a fairer distribution of material and spiritual goods. We are trying to remove those obstacles to satisfactory human relations which lead to delinquency, mental disease, and misery. We are trying to repair the damage done to our urban life by the haphazard unregulated spread of our cities. All this means large-scale administration and the making of decisions which affect the welfare of enormous numbers of people. Social research is required at three points—initiation of policy, the testing-out of results, and experiment. It is no use forming policy on mere impressions; they are far too likely to be coloured by what ought to be rather than by what is. For instance, if you are going to plan welfare centres in your new housing estates and new towns, it is dangerous to site them in a position away from the natural flow of traffic as people go about their everyday affairs. If you do put them in the wrong places, it is idiotic to complain then that they are not used as they ought to be. Surely the sensible thing to do is to find out what has happened elsewhere and apply the fruits of your research as far as you can to your present problem. I should think it is obvious enough that all government departments should employ social research teams, whether attached to the department or to some other institution, to help them in the making of their plans. That is only commonsense.

Nor is it any use unless you check results. It is no good deciding that joint consultation is to be introduced into industry, and then leaving it at that. You want to find out how it works, what makes it work well, and what the snags are. You want, that is to say, research into the effects of your plans when they have got going. What is less obvious, but quite as important, is the encouragement of research and experimentation for their own sake and not tied to any particular official plan or policy. It is broadly true to say that the best research—and the most useful—is done when the scientist is left alone to pursue his interests and test out his hunches without having to keep his eye constantly on the solution of an urgent problem. For this reason more funds ought to be made available for what might be called free social research.

There may be those who will complain that all this social research is yet another sign of a repellent movement to regiment us all in a world stinking of carbolic. There are those who will say that its results will be misused, and that investigation into public opinion only plays into the hands of people who want to manipulate it for their own evil ends. I do not think it is as bad as that. Of course any research, as we know only too well, can be misused, but that is no

reason for abandoning it. And we cannot afford to abandon social research. In the planned welfare state such as we live in, whether we like it or not, social research is part and parcel of its efficiency. People who complain about the inconvenience to which they are put forget the millions for whom a richer life is opening, provided we are spared the disaster of another war. It is to the interests of those millions that social research is dedicated.—*Third Programme*

The Bright Dark

DAVID KEIR on a visit to an iron ore mine in Northamptonshire

IRTHLINGBOROUGH, about fifteen miles from Northampton, is one of the most remarkable little towns in Great Britain. The cross in its main street has stood there for some 700 years, and though its bridge is only fifteen years old it makes up for its tender youth by its size: it is half a mile long. Irthlingborough has also a quite bewildering number of industries, ranging from the manufacture of boots and shoes to the making of false teeth; and they are all carried on in the full light of day with one mysterious exception—Irthlingborough's iron ore mine.

Now that mine seems mysterious to me because, although there has always been quite a lot of open-cast working in Britain, our iron ore mines can be counted on the fingers of one hand, and few of us know very much about them. In fact, how many of the thousands of people who pass Irthlingborough every day realise that only 100 feet below them there are 45 miles of tunnel? Or that all day long little electric trains are going backwards and forwards, backwards and forwards, carrying those jagged lumps of ironstone which eventually become our pots and pans and tools, and even the turrets of our army tanks?

I arrived at Irthlingborough on a very cold day. The mine manager met me in gusts of swirling snow, and we clambered on to a wagon pulled by an electric locomotive. Ahead of us was the entrance to the main tunnel—a dark bricked-up hole in the earth, with a huge sign above it: 'Safety First'. We carried acetylene lamps, and wore crash helmets in case bits of falling rock should give our heads unpleasant ideas about iron ore or, worse still, no ideas at all. So off we went through a broad cutting. On its banks, through the falling snow, you could see already the long russet-coloured seams of ironstone, left exposed when the mine was opened some thirty-five years ago. And then we disappeared into the tunnel, clanking our way steadily down a gentle incline some two miles long, and getting more and more surprised with the whole business. For example, one had somehow expected darkness on this unusual journey. But the locomotive had a powerful headlight; we were carrying our acetylene lamps; and wherever possible the tunnel walls had been sprayed white to increase the visibility. Here and there, it is true, we passed deserted workings—great cavities marked 'Danger', which only light up when a train passes. But for the most part, though we certainly were in the dark our moving lights and ghostly shadows on the tunnel walls seemed to make it what I can only describe as a kind of bright dark. Then soon we began to approach the main workings.

Suddenly, we heard the deep rumbling of a distant explosion. 'Dante's Inferno', said somebody. 'Not a bit of it', laughed the manager. 'We're still in Northamptonshire and only 80 feet down here, 80 feet below a main road'. A few minutes later our private train brought us to the main workings, to the actual scene of the explosion; and there was a team of six strapping miners who had just blasted a great heap of ironstone out of the earth with the rumbling roar we had heard in the distance. You would have expected them to be covered with grime during such an operation. In fact, iron ore mining is a much cleaner occupation than coal mining. The miners do not have to stoop much, and when you are down in the bright dark of the tunnelled workings you see them moving vigorously about, clear and sharply defined figures in the light of their acetylene lamps.

But let us see our team of six at work. About seven o'clock that morning they had come down one of the many tunnels branching out from the main little railway line, until the rock face they had left the day before loomed up in front of them, in the rough shape of a square, and they got to work. Out of the six, three were brothers—Leslie Carvell, aged forty-two, Ivan, aged thirty-two, and Bob, twenty-eight.

A fourth brother is in the mine, a safety official; and as their father was there too at one time, iron ore mining is evidently in the family's blood. Skill and craftsmanship certainly is. As I stood there, in that weird underworld of coloured earth and moving lamp lights and machines, the two elder brothers began to attack the rock face with a mechanically operated electric drill. With it they bored a pattern of holes, each about seven feet long, straight into the seam. 'I could go on doing this until I was seventy', said one of the brothers. 'I was once a hand miner. Now I like to see the machine straining itself, not me'.

The third member of the team—the youngest brother—was acting in the meantime as shot-firer: that means he was ramming explosive charges into the holes made by the drill. Then they all went back a bit, the charge was fired, and the whole rock face came roaring down: fifty tons of crumbled ironstone. At this point the three remaining members of the team took over. The dust had cleared. And as we stood in front of the mass of stone a little train of wagons came out of the shadows behind us. In front of it was a mechanical loader, operated by the fourth and fifth members of the team, and moving on the same rails as the train. It looked rather like a farm tractor, with a scoop in front—a sort of heavy square bucket which kept clawing into the pile of broken rock and hurling its load backwards, clean overhead, into the first empty wagon. When the wagon was full—its capacity, I think, is about three-and-a-half tons—it was pulled back and the next empty truck was pushed forward. So it went on: truck after truck in a long unbroken rhythm, until the pile of loose ironstone had been removed, and the tunnel left clear for the next attack on the seam. The way was also left clear for the last member of the team to play his part. He was the platelayer, and I watched him extend the miniature railway lines so that the electric drill, the wagons and the mechanical loader could be brought up for the next operation.

By this time the little train was moving away, towards the long incline we had descended. Each train, by the way, carries about ninety tons of ore at a time in its twenty-five wagons. The team I watched had just broken their own record. In one week, they told me, they had sent 953 tons of iron ore out of the mine, which is a very fine achievement. But the Irthlingborough record is held by a rival team which mined just over 1,100 tons in five and a half days—the equivalent, that is, of about 300 tons of good finished iron. So you see what fine work these skilled, hard-working miners are performing at a time when increased output is absolutely vital. The Irthlingborough miners produce about 6,500 tons a week; the miners are cheerfully working an extra shift on Saturday mornings to swell the total; and the mine authorities are hoping to get another fifty men or so to repair a labour shortage and increase output still further.

Before we glance at the foreign miners at Irthlingborough I should explain that their occupation is not considered dangerous. The authorities lay great stress on safety, and they are always warning the miners against taking risks. For this reason the seams in use are tested twice daily in case of a weakness somewhere. But accidents do occasionally happen. On the other hand, there is absolutely no danger from gas in an iron ore mine, there is comparatively little dust, apparently no industrial disease, and the normal temperature over the whole mine is 62 degrees Fahrenheit.

Now for the men. Quite the most surprising thing about them is their resemblance (shall we say?) to a miniature United Nations. Perhaps you know Francis Thompson's lines:

East, ah, east of Himalay
Dwell the nations underground.

Well, for 'east' read 'west', and you have Irthlingborough. Out of

the 215 people employed there, there are some 70 or 80 Poles, a number of Ukrainians, an Irishman, a Czechoslovakian, an Estonian, at least one Welshman—he is the mine manager, with the familiar Welsh name of Davies—an Australian, and naturally enough a Scotsman. The rest of the men are English, and some of them have excavated iron ore all their lives. But I am not going to talk about the English miners, despite their recent fine records, and I know they will understand why.

The most striking and indeed moving aspect of this mine is how it has become not nationalised—that change still looms ahead—but internationalised. For all these foreigners are there because of the human



Drilling in the iron ore mines at Irthlingborough, Northamptonshire

earthquakes which Nazi Germany and communist Russia have let loose on the world. Some of the Poles I met were working happily enough in east Polish villages in 1939. They told me that after Hitler's invasion of Poland from the west and the Russian invasion from the east men and even boys were wrenched from their homes, and sent off to work in forced labour camps in Siberia. 'We got no wages', said one, 'and very poor food. But after Germany invaded Russia, you'll remember, General Sikorski went to see Stalin and got an amnesty for the Poles who had been deported. So I was released'. But that was by no means the end of this Pole's saga. Like so many others, he trekked across Russia and joined a Polish Corps. He then got to Persia, to Egypt and later to Italy, where he fought with General Anders' Army. He saw the end of the war in Europe and hoped that this meant a new beginning for himself. He might have gone home to Poland. But having suffered already under communist tyranny he decided to stay in Britain, where today he finds the iron ore of Irthlingborough much preferable to the iron curtain round his own country.

These odysseys are common in this mine, and they are stories which I think we should never forget since they might have happened to us. For instance, the Estonian. Before the war he was a schoolteacher and his father was a farmer—two peaceful pursuits which were soon disrupted, first by the German occupation, then by Russia's later absorption of the Baltic States. 'When the Russians came', he said intensely, 'the last of our freedom went, and we became slaves on our own farm'. But, like the Poles, the young Estonian was unwilling to live under the terror of communism and the vigilance of Russian secret police. He escaped through Latvia, Lithuania and Poland into Germany, where he worked for his bread and butter until the end of the war. Then he made for a Displaced Persons Camp and began to teach again in a D.P. school. Even then his wanderings and exile were not over: in 1947 he landed at Hull with his wife and child to seek freedom here. Today the schoolteacher is an electrician at Irthlingborough mine. I asked him if he wanted to go back to Estonia. 'In your country', he replied very sadly, 'you have a saying, "there's no place like home"'. Well, I'm happy enough here, though sometimes I think the English are a little too suspicious of us foreigners. But after all, home is home, provided it's a free home'.

By this time I had returned to the surface, and as we talked together under cover the snow was falling steadily outside on ground already grey and slushy and trampled. I think, then, he had a brighter vision, through the window, of his own country, cloaked in its northern mantle of crisp and sparkling snow. 'The seasons', he said, 'change quickly there. The snow goes, and suddenly there are the flowers. And the spring smells in Estonia'. He paused for a moment, and I thought he'd say no more. But he did, and it came out with a sudden quiet passion: 'I can smell that spring now'.

As we talked together, a loaded train came out of the tunnel and headed for a big industrial plant called the Sintering Plant, a couple of hundred yards away. I followed this train. Numbers were chalked on the sides of the wagons, and I watched them being weighed—a most important procedure, for the miners are paid on piece work, and the numbers show which teams are to be credited with the wagon loads. The wagons then go on to the 'tippler'—a word which doesn't mean what you and I usually understand it to mean. The 'tippler' at Irthlingborough is a huge revolving cage which receives the wagons, turns them upside down, and empties the ironstone in a deafening cascade into the crushers where it is pounded into small pieces suitable for the blast furnaces.

Incidentally, even here the overseas flavour of the mine is maintained. The official in charge of the Sintering Plant is an Australian, and like the Poles, the Ukrainians, and all the rest, he too has come a long way to Irthlingborough. But his story is a happier one. However, that is rather by the way. He showed me what happened to the ore in his plant. You will remember it was pounded into small pieces in the crushers. After that, as he showed me, the small pieces of ore are passed over a vibrating screen, a sort of sieve, and all the rock that does not fall through the many little holes in the screen, slides on into a bin—a great devil's punchbowl of a bin—from which it is loaded by machinery into the main line trucks at the mine's own railway siding. The smaller stuff which does fall through the holes is mixed with coke and ignited into an intense glow by jets of vaporised oil and compressed air burning at extremely high temperatures. This eventually produces a clinkorous mass from which the iron is more easily made when it arrives at the South Wales blast furnaces.

Amidst all this modern industrial technique, there is still some arduous hand drilling in the Irthlingborough mine. I saw two miners at it, and it was obviously pretty hard work. But since the mine was extensively mechanised just after the war, the output has doubled, and there is still not enough labour. And now for one final marvel. All the ore which is mechanically drilled, mechanically loaded and crushed, and mechanically put on the railway trucks, gets to the blast furnaces in South Wales from the rock face in Northamptonshire without once being touched by the human hand.—*Home Service*

Ode: The Medusa Face

When did I pass the pole where I deprived
Three hags of their one eye, then, staring, seized
The total of their dark
And took their answer?
For that way I came though the eye forgets:
Now tall over the breathless shore this day
Lifts on one equal glare
The crass and curling face.
I cannot tell if stone is upon me
Healing me, clotting time until I stand
Dead. If the heart yet moves,
What shield were faithful found,
What weapon? I stand as in sloth of stone,
Amazed, for a maimed piece of one's own death,
Should that lithe hair stiffen,
Were the shape of her fall.

W. S. MERWIN

The Mark of Greatness

'Hero as Man of Science'

SIR EDWARD APPLETON on Lord Rutherford

ABOUT a hundred years ago Thomas Carlyle gave six famous lectures on Great Men: Heroes, he called them. He talked about the Hero as Divinity, as Prophet, Poet, Priest, as Man of Letters and as King. But he did not give a lecture on the Hero as Man of Science.

However, the striking scientific developments of the intervening century have changed all that, and the scientist comes without question into this modern series of talks on heroes—on men whose lives bear the mark of greatness. My 'Hero as Man of Science' is the late Lord Rutherford. Lord Samuel mentioned him, along with Einstein, in the first talk of this series.

But I want to start by digressing for a moment to ask you not to be misled by what you have frequently been told about scientific research being done by teams. The big things in science occur when an adventure takes place in the mind of an individual. The consequences of that adventure can be followed up by an individual—often by the same individual, as we shall see in the case of Rutherford—or by a team of workers. But the big steps forward in science are matters of individual enterprise. And we can usually assess their importance from the number of people engaged in developing their consequences years later. Today there must be thousands of people, all over the world, following up the implications of the individual ideas and individual experiments of Rutherford.

In science we depend, to a marked extent, on documentation—on the printed records of our experiments and our theories. It is therefore open to anyone, today, to read Rutherford's own scientific papers and also those of the many other people who were working at precisely the same problems at the same time. Such a comparison, by giving us the work of the ordinary man of talent as a yardstick, illustrates in a most striking way the outstanding genius of Rutherford. While others were groping about in what appeared to them to be a world of contradictions, he could distinguish what was relevant and what was of primary importance. In this way he got rapidly to the real heart of the matter. Let us suppose for a moment that there had not been a Rutherford—during, say, Rutherford's period as Professor of Physics at Manchester. His pioneer work on the atom—on the identification of the atomic nucleus and on how the nucleus could be split—would doubtless have been done, in time, probably by a number of people. But there would certainly have been some years of delay. And, as a result, there would not have been an atomic bomb in the last war.

Rutherford was a New Zealander, the son of a small-scale farmer, engineer and 'flax-miller', and he learned, as a boy, to turn his hand to all kinds of outdoor activities. After taking his degree in mathematics and physical science at Canterbury University College he came to Cambridge with an 1851 Exhibition Scholarship. He was then already a fine figure of a man who impressed his Cambridge professor, J. J. Thomson, with his determination and driving power. He knew what he wanted to do—that is, go on with his wireless research—and at first he continued to do this. However, in the year Rutherford came to England, that is in 1895, X-rays were discovered, while in the following year the radio-activity of uranium was identified. These two outstanding events determined Rutherford's switch from radio

to radioactivity, and so on to the study of the atom. From the moment of that switch to the end of his life he pursued his own line of atomic research with a singleness of purpose and a concentration of effort which I do not think has ever been equalled in experimental science. He became a Professor of Physics in Montreal at the age of twenty-seven, and with the group of people he had attracted round him,

unravelling the basic mysteries of radioactivity, boldly announcing, with Soddy, his collaborator, that, when a substance is radioactive, it is because a definite fraction of its atoms are blowing up all the time. And, whatever you do about it, these atomic explosions—these disintegrations—go on.

As a young leader of equally youthful research workers Rutherford soon made his laboratory in Montreal a hive of fruitful activity and contagious enthusiasm. A brother professor, a Professor of Classics, scoffed at these goings-on: at these 'plumbers', these 'destroyers of art'. But this particular professor attended one of Rutherford's lectures and, with generously expressed repentance, afterwards wrote in the University magazine as follows: 'We paid our visit to the Physical Society. Fortune favoured us beyond our deserts. We found we'd stumbled in on one of Dr. Rutherford's brilliant demonstrations of radium. Radioactive is the one sufficient term to characterise the total impression made upon us by his personality. Emanations of light and energy, swift and penetrating, cathode rays strong enough to pierce a brick wall, or the head of a professor of literature, appeared to sparkle and coruscate from him all over in sheaves. Here was the rarest and most refreshing spectacle—the pure ardour of the chase, a man quite possessed by a noble work, and altogether happy in it'.

Then, when he was thirty-six, Rutherford went as Professor of Physics to Manchester.

Here, again, he attracted to his school a brilliant group of young people, including Niels Bohr, Charles Darwin and James Chadwick. And it was during the Manchester period that Rutherford did his own most brilliant experimenting. It was here that he found out for us what the inside of an atom is like. It was here that he identified the heart of the atom—the positive nucleus—inside its body of electrons. It was here, also, that he effected the first artificial disruption of an atomic nucleus when he bombarded nitrogen with fast-moving helium nuclei and succeeded in knocking hydrogen out of it. These two epoch-making discoveries were made by experiments which were notably elegant and also, especially judged by today's standards, simple and direct. If anyone knew how to ask Nature the right questions it was Rutherford.

The third period in Rutherford's working life was the Cambridge period. By then he was forty-eight. At first he did a great deal of experimenting himself, but towards the end of his life there he was increasingly occupied with outside responsibilities, with the affairs of science. But even then he maintained absolute control of his Cavendish laboratory and was responsible for the strategy and a good deal of the tactics employed in the general attack on nuclear physical problems.

Rutherford was a big man physically, as I have mentioned, and he was big in everything else he did. He liked physical activity, but it had to be, like his work, concentrated. He must have found some



Lord Rutherford: portrait by Sir Oswald Birley in the possession of the Royal Society

time for brooding over the problems of what to do next in his researches—which side-road to ignore or explore, which limb to take at a fork in the road. But, to his colleagues and pupils, who saw only the activity, he took life with great gusto. He was always on the crest of a wave—a wave largely of his own making. He liked his laboratory to be a hive of activity. He would say that a man was 'actively engaged in research', or, more colloquially, that he was 'going strong'. He was as remarkable for what he inspired other people to do as for what he did himself. Mostly he led his group of co-workers—his research students—but there were times when he prodded them a bit—of course for their own good. I always thought his way with his pipe-tobacco was characteristic. Bought from the tobacco-shop it was too damp and slow-burning. So he used to dry it on a newspaper by the fire before putting it into his pouch. When he did smoke it the rate of burning was certainly high!

Rutherford's influence on other people was enormous. But I am sure that this was due less to his authority as a scientist than to his greatness as a man. He was of all the men I have met the most truly democratic, and the views of a youngster received from him the same consideration as those of the oldest and most distinguished. It did not matter a bit if you were not eminent; equally it did not matter a bit if you were. Provided only that you were not pretentious; provided only that you were not 'one of those fellows who take themselves seriously', to use his own words. Authority, pure and simple, he had no respect for at all.

In and out of his laboratory Rutherford liked an audience. He talked engagingly, on occasion about great campaigns in military history—he was well read in such matters—but usually about some battle of another kind—some battle with nature, or, most spicily of all, some battle with authority. He had an enviable prose style, the complete expression of himself, simple, fresh and direct. If you want to sample it read his little monograph called *The Newer Alchemy*.

Rutherford realised that everybody mattered in this world and his actions expressed this. I remember that, after his sudden and tragic death in the Michaelmas term of 1937, I took charge, for a while, of the administrative affairs of his laboratory, and so had occasion to read the laboratory files and correspondence in picking up the threads. I found myself amazed at the range and variety of his correspondence. No award or honour to any of his wide circle of scientific colleagues had been made without a 'bravo' from him. But what astonished me most was the full and friendly reply he would give to any unknown Tom, Dick or Harry who had either written to him for advice or sought his support. You see, they were human beings, they were not pretentious and so he did his very best for them.

To sum up, what were, then, the elements of Rutherford's greatness? On the intellectual side undoubtedly his physical insight and penetrating vision—his ability to see things simply, by recognising instinctively the peaks in the mountain range ahead. On the human side I rate highest his essential simplicity and his boundless generosity. He had a firm belief in the successful outcome of simple hard work. He was so transparently honest that he never pretended not to be pleased about his own successes. I do not think he ever encouraged closely intimate friendships. They might have been too demanding and might have prevented an equal treatment all round. But to everyone, young and old, who came to him, without pose or affectation, he gave generously of his friendship as an equal.

Carlyle in his first lecture on Heroes said that 'Great men, taken up in any way, are profitable company. We cannot look upon a great man', he said, 'without gaining something from him. He is the living light-fountain, which it is good and pleasant to be near'. Yes, that's it. It was good and pleasant to be near Rutherford—Rutherford the delightful mixture of boy, man and genius—Rutherford the happy warrior, happy in his work, happy in its success; but, above all, happy in the human comradeship which came with it.—*Home Service*

American Television: a Progress Report

By ALISTAIR COOKE

THE winter is really on us, and the life of anyone living in the north-eastern States is settling down to a routine very different from the life of last summer and autumn. I mean the cyclical life; not just because there are air-raid shelters going up and signs all over town. The Department of Sanitation in New York, for instance, once again has its night staff on call in case of a blizzard. It has, as usual, a whole set of gadgets, some new-style snow ploughs with electronic buzzers out front that thrash through snowdrifts and pile everything in neat rows on the side along the gutter. The newspapers are running their perpetual winter series on the common cold, which, for all the wonderful advances in bacteriology of the past thirty years, defies any form of treatment but hacking and snuffling and watching and waiting.

For the third year in succession New York is full again of suntanned young beauties from the west coast, girls who have given up struggling up the Hollywood ladder and have come to, or come back to, New York, where there are jobs galore for them in television. For the first winter in history the papers print a daily half-page in fine print of television programmes, just as long as the radio list. It used to be a little corner in a single column, with the stations opening for business around five in the afternoon and going off at ten. Now they start at nine in the morning with a programme called 'Morning Chapel' and the news, and then end at midnight with the news.

These new habits sneak up on you so slyly and quickly that it is rather hard to realise what morons we were a couple of years ago. In those primitive days a housewife had to make her own mind up after breakfast where to shop and what to buy. But now, after 'Morning Chapel', comes 'The Television Shopper'. There was a time, too, when housewives busy sweeping and washing dishes and vacuuming used to have to amuse the baby on the side. But presto, 10 a.m., 'The Baby-Sitter Show', meant to rivet the baby's wayward attention while mother gets on with the chores.

The conscientious housewife, once she is through the daily dusting

and cleaning, used to look over a couple of mixing bowls, an egg-beater and whatever meat was in the ice-box, and think about the old man's supper. Now, between eleven and noon she has a choice of advice, new wrinkles, new recipes, all being demonstrated, mixed and cooked—it usually looks like lava—on two programmes, 'Kitchen Fare' and 'Kitchen Capers'. If she should begin to feel lonely any time before lunch there is no excuse any more for calling on Mrs. Brown next door. Mrs. Brown has come to the television screen, and with other unemployed matrons can be seen prattling over this and that on a programme called 'The Coffee Club'.

From noon on, if the housewife isn't through her work, she ought to be. The networks give themselves over unashamedly to amusement—the Kathi Norris show, the Joe Franklin show, the Johnny Olson show. Then a few more half-hours of intensive cooking lessons and demonstrations, and the news is beginning to rear its ugly head again. Then, music and comedy shows and music, and 'Home-maker's Guide' and interviews with celebrities, and models, and dress shows and advice to parents. Evening is coming on, naturally, and then, as the twilight falls, a barrage of news programmes, then Hopalong Cassidy and puppet shows, and cowboy films, and the weather man from Chicago, and a quarter-hour at the zoo.

At this point, by which time mother has either turned the darned thing off and got back to life, or gone into arthritis and lost her wandering baby through the bedroom window—at this point I ought to say that one of the discoveries of American television has been an assortment of odd anonymous characters, usually middle-aged and middle-western, with a genius for rambling on in a fascinating way about some scientific specialty. There is a man out in Chicago who loves animals like nobody since Noah and comes up with little shows about ptarmigans and pandas and racoons and snakes, with all the easy wonder and the proud knowledge of a father of quadruplets.

The weather man is another who comes over one network every night; he also is from Chicago. He turns to a great empty map of

America—empty, that is, except for the mountain ranges lightly sketched in. He talks about the weather the way some people talk about football and others about murder trials. Of course, he has a continent to play with, and for anybody interested in weather, America is a rich playground. Cattle may be going down for the third time in oceans of snow in Montana while blondes are frisking in the warm green waters of Florida.

The Weather Man's Surprises

The weather man always licks his lips and cocks his eyebrows, not in an annoying actorish way, but because he has a genuine relish for the surprises he has in store. 'Well', he says—and he takes a menacing brush, I mean a paint brush, about five inches wide in his hand—'there's trouble ahead for you people who live in the north-west there, and up all away along the mid-west and up in the Great Lakes. A full-size blizzard came roaring in from the Pacific last night'. He takes his brush and he paints in—I am told—a stream of roaring blizzard across the Pacific north-west and across the Cascades and the Bitterroots. He says, 'It's across the great plains today and it'll be here in Iowa, Illinois and Wisconsin tomorrow. But here's good news for you people on the lake shore'. He sweeps his brush right across the western half of the nation and lets it stop short of Lake Michigan. 'Seems', he says with a foxy smile, 'there's a high pressure belt—just an itty bit of a high pressure belt—stuck somewhere north of Milwaukee down through Indiana. It's gonna hold off that blizzard; may even divert it north, for a day or two. So you folks here in town or up in Wisconsin don't have to worry about a thing till I see you again. You ought to be right snug inside that high pressure belt'.

Isotherms and equinoxes are just a couple of baby bears to this man, and I swear that he teaches more people—adults as well as children—more about how weather is made than all the textbooks they never looked at. He saves a mean punch line. Just before he goes off, he remembers something. 'Oh, yes', he says, 'the temperature. Well, let's see now, through the mid-west it'll be around twenty degrees tonight' (that's twelve degrees of frost—a form of expression never used, by the way, in the United States; a number means above zero—thus thirty or twelve—ten below means below zero). Then he rattles off a few significant figures: 'Chicago twelve tonight, up around thirty in the day tomorrow, a little higher way across New England. In the northern Great Plains it'll be between twenty and twenty-five below zero. Great Falls, Montana, somewhere down around forty-five below. Miami', he says, 'eighty-five by day, around seventy at night. Good-night'.

Television, as you may have noticed, is a great thing to kick around and have fun with, but I think I had better tell you that, although for hours it is possible to drown in mediocrity, there are by now quite a lot of first-rate programmes. Not so much plays and ballets, which are obvious stuff but none the less fascinating if done thoroughly with lots of rehearsal, something that American television does not go in for so far. The really outstanding things in American television so far are group discussions of all sorts, big and small; news programmes; and comedy shows. The best comedy shows are not necessarily the ones done by comedians who were famous in radio or on the stage, though two or three of those big evening shows are incomparable. For another animal that television has thrown up is the young man, usually in his early thirties, who is glib, inconsequential in a Groucho Marx sort of way, and very much at home with a microphone wandering around a big studio audience, interviewing people and sometimes the television crew, talking back at them, insulting them. There is no point in my mentioning any names because they would mean nothing to you; they meant nothing to us six months ago. There are about a half-dozen of them, spry, easy-going, irreverent, who just have a natural sense of irony and who rely on it to fill a nightly hour, or half-hour, with a studio audience. Nightly!

One of them the other night had no set routine, couldn't think what to do with his audience, and just ordered his dinner up. It came in, with the real non-actor waiters, and he sat and ate it, for half-an-hour, and thought aloud and kidded the waiters in one of the funniest things I have ever seen. It is obvious by this time that television is murder on anybody who must rely on a writer, or on a script. And just as the talking picture doomed to sudden death the beautiful profiles with rasping voices, so television has already registered a high mortality among actors and actresses and comedians who must learn

lines. The race is to the quick-witted, and there is already a fine crop of such.

The news programmes, I think, are just about the best achievement of television so far. The news commentators are beginning to throw away their news tape, and are talking about the news, some of them, swiftly, easily and accurately without script. In fifteen minutes one network opens with its news announcer—he gives you the main headlines—and then they switch to Washington for a movie of Congress that morning, and then to a studio in Washington for a couple of minutes with a couple of Senators thrashing over the topic of the day. Then back to New York for spoken news, read against still pictures, maps and diagrams of Korea, then a three-minute shot of Korean newsreels flown in that day; then out to Chicago for movies taken last night of a blizzard, a mine disaster, the British Ambassador making a speech or whatever. And then back to New York for the late flashes, and so an end.

There has been quite a bit of comment here in the last week or two on Mr. T. S. Eliot's comment that Britain should beware of television as a grave threat to—these were not his words, but I think his sense—to leisure, to intelligence and culture in general. The great question, 'What will it do to our children?' rocked around the nation last year. A lot of us sympathise with Mr. Eliot, but honestly see the facts going against us. For instance, mediocrity practically does not exist to a child; mediocrity is in the eye and the judgment of the beholder, and I would hesitate to say what is good or bad for a ten-year-old. I know what is educational, but I do not think that is necessarily the same thing as what is good or bad. However, to the dismay of us conscientious, culture-conscious, and perhaps slightly hypochondriacal parents, Northwestern University has just published the results of its survey on what television does to the child. And its answer is—nothing; nothing that had not already been there or been done before. Television, it seems, is a reflector of what is in the child, not a poisonous snake infecting him. They found, for instance, that the amount of time spent on television by any one or any hundred children has no sort of correlation with their marks in school. Perhaps it does, after all, go in through one eye and out through the other, causing no pain and, I must confess, a lot of pleasure. The rising generation is going to the dogs just as fast—or as slow—as you and I did—remember? It's a hard world for us moralists, isn't it?—*Home Service*

The Three Brothers

My body, my place, my time
Are three begotten in one.
My place removes, comes home,
My time goes walking on.

Wherever my place is found
He sits at the world's centre.
My time moves at the end
Of a world, with a world to enter.

More true than the crooked crows
He travels, and you would think
Something had caught his gaze
Over the furthest brink.

He never stops to ask
If the animal whines, grows tired;
For every step that is past
There is greater haste required.

He is of single bent,
Immune against fear and doubt;
Transfigured with his intent,
His pursuing eyes blaze out.

My place turns left and right.
My time neither would nor can.
My place sees colour and light.
My time is a blind man.

HAL SUMMERS

NEWS DIARY

January 24-30

Wednesday, January 24

In a broadcast from Delhi Mr. Nehru says that naming China as an aggressor will not lead to peace

Western answer to Russian Note on four-power conference is published

Thousands reported killed by volcanic disaster in New Guinea

Thursday, January 25

Sir Gladwyn Jebb states British position in relation to China at Political Committee of U.N. General Assembly

Two Cabinet meetings take place to discuss defence programme

National Film Corporation to provide £750,000 for three film companies

Friday, January 26

The Prime Minister explains in speech in London the reasons why Britain is re-arming

Minister of Food announces weekly value of meat ration to be reduced from 1s. to 10d.

French Ministry of Interior orders dissolution of three international political organisations with headquarters in Paris

Canadian delegate to United Nations suggests immediate calling of seven-power conference on Far East to arrange cease-fire before considering other questions

Saturday, January 27

Death of Marshal Mannerheim, former President of Finland, in Switzerland

U.N. Political Committee adjourns without reaching decision on China

Sunday, January 28

Ship repair workers in Merseyside decide to impose overtime ban

Elements of five North Korean divisions reported cut off by U.N. forces

Two Italian Communist M.P.s resign from Party

Monday, January 29

Prime Minister announces in Commons that 235,000 army reservists are to be called up for fifteen days' training during the summer. Ten thousand R.A.F. reservists and 6,000 men of Royal Fleet Reserve also to be called up

M. Plevin, the French Prime Minister, sees President Truman in Washington

Death of Dr. O. H. Mavor, better known as 'James Bridie', the Scottish dramatist

Tuesday, January 30

Prime Minister states that war-time controls are to be reimposed to assist defence programme

Political Committee of U.N. General Assembly again discusses the Chinese intervention in Korea

Supplementary estimates for three Armed Services published as White Paper



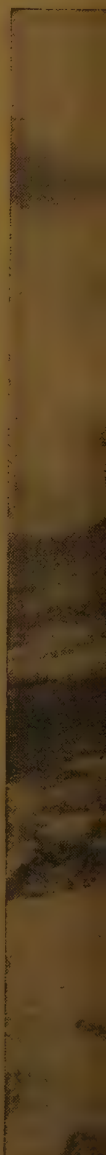
An Australian flag was dedicated in the parish church at Compton Chamberlayne near Salisbury at a service on Australia Day, January 26, and hoisted on the site of a map of Australia cut in the downs near the village by Australian troops stationed there during the war of 1914-1918. The photograph shows the map with the flag flying over it



Funerals of victims of alpine avalanches took place during the past week in Switzerland, Italy and Austria. Though a fall in temperature eased the position in Switzerland, in Austria the avalanches still continued last week. In Innsbruck schools were closed and the water supply cut off, but the situation was worst in the Salzburg area. At least 150 persons are known to have been killed in Western Austria. French and American troops assisted in the rescue work, the French soldiers bringing up water supplies in lorries, the Americans using mine detectors to trace victims of the avalanches. Farmers, as pictured above, had to dig through snowdrifts to uncover houses and rescue people and animals



Delegates Nations including Rau (centre) Dr. ...



A photograph of Guinea w neighbours and ash al



Arab and Asian countries have been pressing the United Nations to consider Far Eastern problems. Above: Sir Benegal Rau conferring with Lambertus N. Palar of Indonesia (left) and Ali al-Faraj of Iraq at Lake Success on January 24



The lull in the fighting in Korea has continued during the past week. On January 24 a United Nations patrol penetrated to Hoengsong, about forty miles south of the 38th parallel and ten miles north of Wonju. This photograph just received shows an American patrol moving towards Wonju on January 19



by wireless of the side of Mount Lamington in New Zealand recently and caused thousands of casualties in the eruption devastated an area of over twenty miles square. The crater was ten feet deep. All available aircraft were commandeered for search work.



Field-Marshal Baron Mannerheim, who died on Saturday, aged 83. He was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Finnish Army in 1918 and played a leading part in the civil wars that followed. He distinguished himself again when his country was attacked by Russia in 1939. In 1944 he became President of Finland



A view of Kelmscott Manor, near Lechlade, the Elizabethan country house where William Morris lived from 1871 to 1896. It is now open by appointment on Wednesdays and Saturdays



H.M.S. Eagle, Britain's most powerful aircraft-carrier, of 38,000 tons, leaving Harland and Wolff's shipyard at Belfast last week for docking at Liverpool

Party Political Broadcast

'The Task that Inspires the Labour Party'

By the Rt. Hon. ANEURIN BEVAN, M.P., Minister of Labour and National Service

GOOD evening. First of all, let me set your mind at rest. As this is described as a party political broadcast, you may be afraid that I'm going to talk to you about party programmes. I haven't the least intention of doing so. Programmes are very important, but they are by no means the most important things. Neither am I going to talk to you about the grave international situation or about the defence programme. Statements about these will shortly be made in Parliament, and it would be undesirable for me to discuss them now. I am going to discuss with you the fundamentals of party attitudes.

The most important thing about a political party is its mental attitude towards the problems of the day. You can describe this attitude in different ways. You can call it a system of intellectual and moral values. Or you can describe it as the philosophy of the party; or, even more vaguely, you can call it the assumptions which underlie the party's actions (because not all parties are so clear-headed that they can be said to have a well-defined set of principles). What we all know is that there is something that causes a party to behave the way it does; not only something that explains why it ticks but also why it ticks in a certain way. If we can understand that, then we know most things about a party that are worth knowing.

The first thing to remember about the Labour Party is that it is a product of the twentieth century. The Labour Party is a child of today. When it was born, the two older parties had already developed definite political personalities. They had already become set. The Labour Party, on the other hand, grew up with the opening decades of the twentieth century. Its moods, attitudes, aptitudes and its faults are those of twentieth-century British society. The Liberal Party was essentially the product of the last half of the nineteenth century. The Tory party had its inspiration even earlier than that, though it has attempted from time to time to achieve a youthful complexion by periodical blood transfusions from the two younger parties. That is why, in times of crises, it yearns for coalition, like an old man seeking to walk erect by leaning on the shoulders of younger men. Of course, it represents this as the call for 'national unity' and 'political wisdom'. In reality, it is weak knees.

By the time the Labour Party attained adult life, British industrial civilisation had already reached the maturity of private competitive enterprise. The Industrial Revolution had spawned the great cities with their hideous slums. The physical sciences had won their early triumphs in exploiting the resources of nature. The individual craftsman had become a specialised agent in the productive process and the inspiration of private greed had been acclaimed as the most fruitful agent of material progress. In short, the Great Society had arrived. From thenceforward the environment of man was to be as artificial as formerly it had been natural. Modern industrial civilisation has been called into being in an attempt to bring the physical forces of nature under control. In doing so, man has transformed his environment and made it artificial. Most of his most urgent problems are now social in their origin. This created a situation to which the older political parties have

never been able to adjust themselves. They are the handmaidens of private economic adventure. Nor is this surprising; the Tory and Liberal Parties have been largely financed and controlled by those elements in the community which had made a success of commercial, financial and industrial adventure. They see no reason to clear the jungle. They thrive in it. They find it difficult to see anything wrong in a society which has treated them so well. There are, of course, enlightened ones amongst them who are disturbed and try to mend things. But, on the whole, the last people we expect to want to change society are those who have won the best prizes in it.

The instinctive reaction of the older parties to social problems was to leave them alone. Oh, I know they took ameliorative action when things became intolerable and when some sensitive spirits were shocked by ugly sights and smells. But their typical disposition was to treat social problems as though they were natural to the human scene. The disposition of the Labour Party is wholly different. From the first its instinctive response to a social problem is to take collective action to deal with it. That is why we are sneered at as 'planners'.

I listened the other night to a Tory spokesman who uttered the typical sneer. Speaking of the feared shortage of coal, he asked his socialist opponent: 'What are you planners going to do about it?' Well now, the first answer to him is that for the first time in history we are in a position to do something about it; a situation which did not exist in the past. We asked that the coal problem should be treated as a social emergency as far back as 1919. The second answer is that we now have a ten-year plan for the re-equipment and reorganisation of the coal mines. It could have been done long before the war. And why wasn't it done? Because the nation was run by people who believed that private economic adventure inspired by private greed could be relied on to do the job. They applied nineteenth-century attitudes to twentieth-century problems, and we are now paying the price, and we'll go on paying the price for some time to come.

Let me give you another illustration of the Tory attitude to modern problems. I suppose most of us would agree that mass unemployment is the characteristic and most calamitous feature of modern competitive society. In 1926 this was what the Tory leader, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, said: 'I must devote', he said, 'one or two minutes to the charge that we deceived the electorate by suggesting that we had any positive remedy for unemployment.' He went on to say: 'I have scoured my memory in vain for any such recollection'. That was Mr. Chamberlain in 1926. Ah! but some of you might say, that was a long time ago. We have moved since then. Well, let us see. This is the same Mr. Chamberlain on July 7, 1934. He said: 'I do not imagine we can ever destroy unemployment because the advance of science continually shows how to substitute machines for human labour'. At the time Mr. Chamberlain was speaking unemployment in Britain was very nearly 2,500,000. Of course, some of you might say: 'The war has happened since then. We've learned a lot'. I hope we have, but have the Tories? Let us come to 1947. There were then 327,000 unemployed. This is what Lord Woolton, chairman of the Tory party, said: 'In these days of over-full

employment', he said, 'there should be postponement of all works of a public nature'. I will repeat—Lord Woolton, on behalf of the Tories, asked for the postponement of all works of a public nature. That would have meant that we would have had to stop all housing, school-building and the building of new power stations. I leave you to guess what the situation would have been in the country if we had followed this typical Tory reaction. Not only would we not have had the houses the people need, but there would have been unemployment for lack of power.

This speech of Lord Woolton's vividly illustrates what I have been saying. Faced with a social crisis, the instinctive reaction of Lord Woolton as a Tory is to stop social action. One would have thought that the circumstances would point naturally to an entirely opposite point of view. The crisis was a social crisis, a financial crisis, a crisis arising out of our relations with each other in society, and therefore one would have thought that the right course to adopt would be for the state to take action about it. But Lord Woolton reverts to type. He would leave it to the individual citizen, who, of course, was caught helplessly in a maelstrom of social events.

There are other illustrations to show the difference between the attitude of a modern organisation like the Labour Party and the Tory point of view, a view which has its origins in the competitive commercial conditions of the nineteenth century. You will forgive me, I know, if I draw my illustrations from my experience in the Ministry of Health, a department much concerned with public action for the public good.

There are, as you know, hundreds of thousands of deaf people in this country. The great majority could have been helped by using an electrical hearing aid, but the hearing aids made commercially were too expensive. What did the Labour Party do? We understood that this unnecessary misery could be relieved by social action. A special aid was designed by scientists; large orders were placed so that it became economic to mass-produce them. Not only is the cost of this aid between one-fifth and one-tenth of the cost of a comparable commercial aid; I say not only is it one-fifth to one-tenth the cost of a commercial aid, but the cost has been reduced during the past three years, whilst the design and the quality have been improved, so that now, well over 100,000 good people can live happier and more useful lives. This is just one instance, out of many hundreds, which shows that social action can cure the ills which were not previously thought to be of public concern.

These are facts often forgotten because many of the agencies of publicity are hostile and are persistently used to deride the efforts of public administration. For instance, it is constantly said that the administrative costs of the Health Service are enormous, and that vast armies of bureaucrats waste money which could be spent on curing sick people. Let us look at the true facts. The administrative costs of the Health Service are only two-and-a-half to three per cent. of the total cost of the service. This is far lower than those of any commercial or industrial firm controlling an organisation of similar size.

Housing is probably the most evident illustration of the failure of the orthodox political opinion to face squarely the fact that the whole of society is the field of action for modern parliaments. It is true that long before the war the housing problem had been acknowledged. It is true that everybody was aware of the slums that we inherited from the nineteenth century; but few people knew the extent of the problem. When I became Minister of Health in 1945, I was told by my tory predecessor what he considered to be the size of the post-war housing problem. He had taken into account the number of houses which were not occupied because of war damage, but which could be repaired, and the number of additional houses which would be required because houses were not built during the war. From these figures he calculated that if Britain built 750,000 additional homes, almost every family in the land would have a separate home of its own.

I came to the conclusion that the task was well within our reach, and that, after having built 750,000 houses we could go on to deal with slum clearance. And indeed, we did it: we succeeded in reaching 750,000 by the autumn of 1948. And up to the present, in permanent and temporary houses, by rebuilding and by conversion, we have provided well over 1,250,000. But there are still thousands of families wanting a home. Now how do we account for that? Today there are more houses per head of the population in this country than there were before the war. And yet we still need more houses. What led the tories to make such a miscalculation? The fact is that they had no conception whatsoever of the housing need of the people before

the war. A need which was unsatisfied because people couldn't afford to live in separate homes. The tories made no attempt to find out what the need was. No effective housing survey had been made. They ignored the 2,000,000 people out of work before the war. They ignored the fact that old people were driven into workhouses before the war. They ignored the fact that because of full employment since the war young people are getting married earlier and therefore there are more families to provide homes for. Consequently, the housing problem today arises out of our higher standards of living. This is a social fact that can be dealt with only by deliberate social and political action. It is with such action—that is to say, house-building by the local authorities—that the tories are attempting to interfere.

Here, therefore, we have this, what I have called the Great Society which you and I have inherited from the tumultuous events of the last hundred and fifty years. As I have tried to point out, most of the privations, most of the frustrations that we suffer today, do not arise from our relationship with physical nature. They come from our relationships with each other and with this great complex of social activities in which we live. For many thousands of years the problem for man was how to make a home for himself in physical nature. The modern problem is how the individual can make a home for himself in society. How can man bring this complex of unco-ordinated and incoherent activity under control so that he can make society an instrument for his own purpose? It is absurd to attempt this by the same techniques as man used in comparatively primitive com-

munities. The techniques of co-operation, of mutual aid, of common association, of purposeful and planned effort, these are the techniques of intelligent modern political action.

The job simply cannot be done by leaving it to others. We saw that at the end of the 1914 war and we saw it in between the wars. Certainly it cannot be done by leaving it to the inspirations of private greed. Private economic adventure has as much relationship to the central tasks of modern society as the bow and arrow has to the techniques of modern war. In this country we have made a sustained effort for a little more than five years to try and face up to some of these problems. We have already achieved a modest measure of success. The trouble is that we are here so close to the events and cannot see them in their proper perspective. Yet the whole world is beginning to look with hope and admiration to what we have already accomplished. We have rejected the cold, impersonal, ruthless planning of totalitarian societies. We have turned our backs on the anarchy and feverish competitive uncertainties which still dominate some other parts of the world. We are using the institutions of democratic society; in such a society there is no need for us to live in fear of each other, or by thwarting each other. There is enough for all of us. The only condition of our success is that we are willing to co-operate in an endeavour to make the individual the master of his social as well as his physical environment. That is the fundamental and distinctive task that inspires the Labour Party, and that is the task the twentieth-century man must accomplish or perish.—*Home Service*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Crisis in the Far East

Sir,—Mr. Michael Lindsay charges me with omitting important evidence in my account of the origin of the Korean war. The document to which he refers is one of which neither Mr. Truman nor the United Nations had any knowledge when the decision to use force was taken. On June 29, the United Nations received a telegram from Sau Tu, Acting Chairman of Uncok, transmitting 'extract from a report submitted by U.N. field observers on their return from a field trip along the 38th parallel commencing June 9 to report developments likely to involve military conflict'. The report in question is printed as annex 4 to Uncok's report for the period December 15, 1949, to September 5, 1950. It is signed but not dated. A note in brackets by the secretariat explains that the observers, Squadron-Leader Rankin and Major Peach, returned to Seoul on June 23 and drafted their report on June 24. On June 26 it was 'briefly explained' to Uncok who sent a telegram stating that their 'present view' was that the North Koreans had started the offensive. This telegram was not received in time for the meeting of the Security Council at 3 p.m. on June 27. Section II of the observers' report describing 'the general situation along the 38th parallel' was not telegraphed till June 29. This section, one fourth of the whole report, contains some 550 words.

There are three possible explanations of this story:

No. 1. Twenty-four hours before fighting broke out the observers drafted a report, every sentence of which provided evidence refuting the charge

made a few hours later that it was the South Koreans who had started the offensive.

No. 2. On June 26 the observers began drafting a report to support the action already taken by Mr. Truman and the United Nations. The final version was completed on June 29.

No. 3. The observers knew that fighting would begin on June 25 and collected evidence to put the blame on North Korea.

If No. 1 is the correct explanation it is unfortunate that five days elapsed before the report was telegraphed to the United Nations.

Mr. Lindsay's reference to American intervention in Formosa is even wider of the mark. The promise to restore Formosa to China has been repudiated because America now holds that control of Formosa is necessary for the security of her own Pacific coast. She therefore pretends, and compels the United Nations to pretend, that the Chiang Kai-shek refugee government in Formosa is the government of China, and she has supplied this government with arms and money which it has used to blockade the coast of China and bomb Shanghai. After June 25 a United Nations army in Korea was placed under the command of an American general whose avowed object is to put Chiang Kai-shek back into power in China. When the North Korean army had been driven back across the 38th parallel this general was instructed by the United States Government to invade North Korea and march to the Yalu River. This was certain to lead to war with China but the protests of the British were brushed aside. The Peking Government took the view that the bombing of Shanghai and the march to the Yalu River were flagrant acts of aggression committed by

America using the United Nations as a screen. Like Mr. Truman, the Chinese believe in calling an aggressor an aggressor.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.5 J. T. PRATT

The Mark of Greatness

Sir,—I too listened with considerable surprise to Father D'Arcy's broadcast on Baron von Hügel, but my point of criticism differs from that of Mr. Harold Binns.

I never—alas!—knew the Baron, but like many people not of his faith or church I have regarded him for years as a great spiritual teacher to whom all Christians owe a debt. I found it very difficult in Father D'Arcy's remarks about this clumsy-minded Germanic thinker—not an original philosopher, whose idiosyncracies of speech he reproduced at the microphone—to recognise the man of whom I have heard his contemporaries speak with such veneration. Granted that von Hügel's English was often involved and difficult to follow, there was pure gold to be found beneath the obscurities of his style and thought. His essential greatness—and goodness—did not seem to me to get across in the broadcast. Hence my surprise in view of the eminence of the broadcaster in the Catholic hierarchy.

Perhaps if Mr. Binns re-read von Hügel's *Letters* (edited by Bernard Holland) he would realise the acute perplexity and distress of mind in which the Baron found himself involved in the later stages of the Modernist controversy. Von Hügel was a leading figure in that movement though I should have thought as a mixer rather than as the leader. To a devout Catholic

obedience to authority is a primary duty—one of the insuperable dividing lines between the Roman and other churches. Admittedly, it is a duty which at times must make the path of a liberal minded Catholic thinker hard to travel. But I have often read the Baron's letters to Father Tyrrell for whom he had the deepest affection. These letters reveal a growing uneasiness as time went on about the line his friend was taking. The impression left on me is that the ideas of the two men were identical at the start, but Tyrrell in his later development went far beyond the Baron's views and in the end he reached a position the Baron did not share.

I imagine it was due to this fact that von Hügel escaped excommunication—though he must have come very near it—and not from any unworthy 'dodging of the Vatican thunderbolts'.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.1

VIOLET MARKHAM

Sir,—Father D'Arcy's interesting talk on Baron von Hügel raises again the notion that John Henry Newman was a depressing personality. What von Hügel actually wrote was: 'I used to wonder in my intercourse with John Henry Newman how one so good . . . could be so depressing'. But had the Baron, in fact, anything approximating to 'intercourse' with J. H. N.? This notion of a depressing Newman seems to date from not earlier than some forty years ago with Ward's melancholic biography. The impression is not conveyed by others of Newman's period, e.g., Dean Church, or Dean Burgon, or Thomas Mozley. Frustrated, yes; depressed at times, naturally; but depressing in general? Perhaps Father D'Arcy or Count de la Bedoyère, in his forthcoming biography of the Baron, will tell us how often in fact these two eminent men met, or how far one might consider this a 'snap-impression', or whether, indeed, the Baron thought the Cardinal rather gloomy merely because the Cardinal was thinking the same about the gloomy Baron?—Yours, etc.,

Killiney

SEAN O'FAOLAIN

The Henry Wood Promenade Concerts

Sir,—In THE LISTENER of January 18, Mr. Dyneley Hussey says that Dr. George Cathcart was 'in a sense' the 'true and only begetter' of the Henry Wood Promenade Concerts. This is not the case. The true facts are these, as set down in books by Mrs. Rosa Newmarch, 1904 and 1920 respectively, and by Sir Henry Wood in his autobiography *My Life of Music* published in 1938, and although these three people remained in friendship, these accounts were never challenged during the lifetime of either Mrs. Rosa Newmarch or Sir Henry Wood, by Dr. Cathcart.

Robert Newman invited Henry Wood on March 3, 1894, to meet him in the new Queen's Hall, when he outlined his plan for running Promenade Concerts there. In February 1895 Newman repeated his invitation, but this time with concrete plans. 'I have decided to run those Promenade Concerts I told you about last year, and I want you to be the conductor of the permanent Queen's Hall Orchestra: we'll run a ten weeks' season'. Henry Wood replied: 'But you have never seen me conduct'. 'Oh yes I have, as often as I could, wherever you were. Now, can you put up a little capital, say £2,000 or £3,000?' 'I'm afraid not', said young Henry Wood (he was twenty-five), 'and I do not know anyone who can'. 'Never mind', said Newman, 'I'll see what can be done, for I mean to run those concerts'.

Later the same day, a young pupil came to Henry Wood's studio for his singing lesson, accompanied by a friend whom he introduced to Henry Wood as Dr. George Cathcart. After the lesson, Henry Wood, full of the wonderful offer

of a permanent conductorship and Promenade Concerts, which Robert Newman had outlined a few hours earlier, related the conversation to his pupil.

Dr. Cathcart asked to be introduced to Robert Newman, and offered to assist in financing the season, provided Low French Pitch was instituted. This was an expensive undertaking as all wood-wind instruments had to be purchased from France. Many players at the end of the season bought back their instruments from Dr. Cathcart. Dr. Cathcart lost £2,000 on this first (1895) season of Queen's Hall Promenade Concerts and 'although a familiar figure at Queen's Hall, Cathcart took no further part in financing the Promenade Concerts'. After the first season, Robert Newman undertook sole responsibility from 1896 to 1901, when Sir Edgar Speyer shouldered financial responsibility with Robert Newman as manager. In 1915, Messrs. Chappell assumed responsibility, still with Robert Newman as manager, a post he held until his death in 1926. In 1927 the B.B.C. took charge of these concerts, and remain sponsors to this day, under the title agreed by Sir Henry Wood.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.1

JESSIE WOOD

Verdi after Fifty Years

Sir,—May I be allowed to complete Mr. Frank Walker's short list of outstanding English Verdi biographers by adding the name of your own music critic? Mr. Dyneley Hussey's *Verdi* would have deserved inclusion if only for the fresh points he raises in it with regard to Verdi's dramaturgy, to say nothing of the singularly balanced and vivid picture he draws of the man and artist.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.8

MOSCO CARNER

Man without God?

Sir,—Father Leicester King invites me to explain why I was puzzled by his statement that he did not make a certain assumption—namely, that neurosis has increased as belief in God has declined. I agree that he did not make the assumption explicitly; but I do not think that anyone who heard, or read, the first part of his broadcast could have failed to get the impression that this view was being implied. Citation of the 'alarming' figures of the present incidence of neurosis, coupled with such phrases as 'the most important human problem of our time', 'society . . . is desperately sick', 'the deep and hidden roots of the fear that is corrupting us', 'the deadly insecurity of a generation which has lost its God'—these statements clearly convey the impression that the present irreligious generation is more neurotic than previous generations that had not 'lost their God'.

There are two lines of argument which, if the necessary facts were established, could be used to give 'objective' support to the view that religious unbelief is the main cause of neurosis. First is the argument that Father Leicester King appeared to be using—namely that neurosis has increased in proportion as religious belief has declined. (Even if this could be demonstrated, it would not, of course, be conclusive proof of a causal connection, but it would be positive evidence.) The second possible argument would consist in showing that unbelief is more common among neurotics than among the population in general. I do not think (*pace* Mr. Hugh Griffith) that in seeking for statistical evidence on the latter point we should be pursuing a will-o'-the-wisp. By means of an opinion poll, it would be possible to assess with reasonable accuracy the proportion of theists among psychiatric patients and among the population at large.

However, Father Leicester King is using neither type of argument. In his broadcast, as he now says, he was simply giving his own opinion—as of course he had every right to do.

But, as I said in my letter, others with equal experience have reached very different opinions; and, in the absence of statistical evidence, opinions they all must remain.—Yours, etc.,

Aberdeen

MARGARET KNIGHT

What are 'Flying Saucers'?

Sir,—I read the talks on Flying Saucers with especial interest because I am the publisher of Mr. Gerald Heard's book on the subject. Also, I have the advantage over Mr. W. D. Wright in that I have personally interviewed a number of people who have seen the objects loosely referred to as Flying Saucers. May I assure your three contributors that the objects as seen cannot be explained away according to the formulae offered. There are at the moment three books on Flying Saucers published in England, and from these can be obtained the names and addresses of people who claim to have seen the objects. Several of these are trained observers and the objects have been photographed by an ordinary and by a movie camera, have been detected on radar, and have had their speed recorded by a theodolite.

It can be argued that all these witnesses may be false, but, if so, then I think it is up to the sceptic to disprove the witness in each case. A final point. What is this mass-hallucination so frequently referred to and never, as far as I know, defined?—Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.1

WAVENEY GIRVAN

The Spread of Rumour

Sir,—Mr. R. C. Robertson's letter about the Russians is most interesting. I would, however, put forward one or two observations in reply.

The great Russian rumour was inseparable from the idea that the men were on their way to fight beside the Allies; and it was this rumour that reached such fabulous proportions. It was the subject of a Parliamentary question, which was answered in the House of Commons on November 48, 1918, by the Under-Secretary of State for War (Mr. Tennant) in these words:

I am uncertain whether it will gratify or displease my honourable friend to learn that no Russian troops have been conveyed through Great Britain to the western area of the European war.

I was chiefly concerned, as the title of my broadcast showed, with 'The Spread of Rumour'. This one undoubtedly spread into a fantastic tissue of untruths seldom equalled in history, even if the core of the story (as it is with many rumours) had some truth in it. The rumour, as such, was also probably helped on by what another of my correspondents has revealed. There were mistakes in telegraphic advice notes arriving in London from the north, referring to some thousands of 'Russians' (instead of 'rations') for the Army.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.8

C. H. GIBBS-SMITH

Polish Literature Today

Sir,—In a Third Programme broadcast Mr. Pryce-Jones referred to a 'Jewish poet', J. Tuwim. Such a description is, I think, likely to mislead your listeners. Mr. Tuwim is recognised as one of Poland's leading contemporary poets and, although of Jewish origin, he has never written in Hebrew or Yiddish. There was a time when Heine was called the Jewish poet and Einstein the Jewish scientist but the B.B.C. did not lend itself to such terminology.

Further, Mr. Pryce-Jones informed his listeners that Jastrun's book on Mickiewicz had three times to be re-written to meet the demands of the 'regime'. In fact, Jastrun's book was awarded a major literary prize immediately on publication of the first printing.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.1

A. SONIMSKI

Director, Polish Cultural Institute

Short Story

Miracle on Plendros

By EDWARD HYAMS

A RICH Ethiopian nobleman, who had been in England during the late war on business for his Government, was entertained at a great house distinguished for its beautiful gardens. The Ethiopian was filled with admiration and spent many hours among the roses, which were indeed incomparable. The grounds of his own house in Ethiopia were fertile, and he resolved to plant a rose-garden of his own.

By means of an introduction from his host, the Ras obtained the advice of Mr. Eli Gunter, the most able and experienced professional rose-grower in Britain. The terms upon which the Ras undertook to engage the services of this expert were such as became his princely rank, so that the nurseryman made no difficulty about going in person to Ethiopia once conditions should permit.

Mr. Gunter was a man with three interests: roses, atheism, and money, in that order; with great abilities, a sound although narrow education, and unusual powers of application, he was capable of taking pleasure in the beauties of nature only when they were improved by man. He had profitably devoted his energies to the creation of new varieties of roses and to the laying out of rose gardens. Roses, as he understood them, manifested the superior genius of man as compared with that Accident, which was the only first cause he would admit.

Mr. Gunter was, indeed, incapable of making the least admission of the existence of a Divine Intelligence. He was the son of a Primitive Methodist market gardener, who was a man of simple faith and violent temper, to which he gave rein by beating his children in the name of his God. These children had been brought up to much prayer, much self-denial and unremitting toil. The Faith which justifies such a life had early left Mr. Gunter, but the habit of zeal remained, so that the energy and grim obstinacy which his father would have devoted to a belief in God was by him used in advocating the very contrary.

The war was hardly over when Mr. Gunter turned his attention to the order which he had received from the Ethiopian: the political expediency of pleasing the Ras, who was a man of influence in the councils of the Negus, obtained for the rose-grower the necessary visas and shipping space. Accompanied by two gardeners, a crate of tools, and two thousand rose-bushes suitably baled and crated, Mr. Gunter set out for Ethiopia. The ship in which he sailed was a small and ill-conditioned tramp worn out with war service. Her holds were full, and Mr. Gunter's crates of rose-bushes were lashed on the upper-deck. The month was September, the weather bad, and the voyage uncomfortable. Mr. Gunter was an excellent sailor and spent his time in examining his crates of roses and assuring himself that no salt-water was penetrating the packing. His men were sick and kept their cabin, which did not surprise him, for they were churchmen, and he considered that sea-sickness was a manifestation of superstition and want of self-reliance.

As the ship drew near to the eastern Mediterranean, the weather improved, and it was on a fine, still evening, while the ship was passing between the Greek mainland and the island of Plendros, that she struck one of the stray mines missed by the post-war sweepers, and sank, her rusty plates opening like the petals of a blown rose. Mr. Gunter had time, with his pruning-knife, to cut loose the crates of roses and to throw himself clear. And when the waters of the strait, dark green under the twilight, again flowed calm over the lost vessel, only the intrepid nurseryman and his buoyant crates were left swimming upon the surface. It would almost seem as if that Providence, whose very existence Mr. Gunter had always denied, had intended to prove His existence by so singular an act of grace. To Mr. Gunter it merely seemed that the accident of his being on deck and the self-reliance upon which he relied himself had saved him, where the superstition of his shipmates had failed them.

Mr. Gunter's good fortune did not stop at leaving him afloat, supported between two of his crates, for a strong current was setting steadily towards Plendros, which within two hours cast him and his cargo upon a beach of white sand beneath a dark-blue sky of brilliant stars. Feeling the ground under his feet, Mr. Gunter dragged his crates to safety, for he would not abandon them. Then, at last exhausted, he

flung himself upon the soft, dry sand and, regardless of his wet clothes, fell instantly asleep. He was awakened, many hours later, by the light of the sun in his eyes and by the plaintive cry of sea-birds. He opened his eyes, saw that his crates were safe, recalled without alarm and faced with courage the circumstances in which he found himself, and rose stretching and yawning to his feet. The sun was warm, Mr. Gunter's clothes were quite dry, he was aware of the pleasant scents of land and sea. He brushed the white sand from his person, frowned at the creased and salted state of his suit, and realised that he was very hungry. Inland from the beach he observed that the island rose in a rocky but wooded hill, and with some idea of finding food among the wild fruits of the place, or perhaps the hut of some peasant, he began briskly to walk towards the trees.

The island of Plendros lies opposite the mainland fishing village of Zeuma, centre of a small community of fishermen and peasants. The fishermen take sardines in the strait while the peasants cultivate the vine, the olive, and a little maize. The strait which separates the island from the mainland is notorious for its awkward currents and sudden storms, because of which the fishermen have, from time immemorial, maintained a refuge on the island, a hut provided with a store of beans, dried fish, and olives. And when bad weather makes it necessary to run for the island rather than for home, they can shelter there for several days without hardship until a change in the weather allows them to make their own harbour.

Mr. Gunter was not long in finding the iron-ration, for the hut overlooked a natural harbour, and was not a mile from the beach. He found not only food but certain rude cutlery and crockery, an axe, a spade, a rough bed, matches, tallow candles, and an icon. Upon this latter he looked sourly enough, but the tortured Man on the Cross continued to raise His eyes to Heaven and saw nothing of Mr. Gunter's disapproval. Mr. Gunter examined the rest of his wealth, decided that here was food for a month, and set about preparing a breakfast of dried fish and beans, which he cooked upon the hearthstone and ate with appetite. Eating, he wondered whose provender he was consuming; but he need not have worried, for the fishing-season was over, the fishermen had gone inland, as their custom was, to sell their dried fish, and there was not the least danger of the nurseryman being disturbed by his unwitting hosts.

Mr. Gunter, having eaten, considered his situation. His thoughts were, as always, lucid and economical: he must explore the island, if island it was, erect some prominent signal to attract the attention of passing ships, and preserve his life and his rose-trees, until succour should arrive. Having decided upon this plan, he executed it. He took careful bearings and then set out to climb to the highest point of the island, carrying the axe as both a tool and a weapon.

In due course he discovered that he was on a mere speck of land, not four miles in area, laterally oval, vertically conical, the single hill rising to an altitude of a thousand feet in the centre of the island. This hill was clad, upon all but the face which looked towards the mainland, in wild olive and umbrella pine rising out of a scrubby undergrowth of rosemary, lavender, and sage which most pleasantly scented the warm breeze. The fourth face of the hill had been cleared of stones and trees, with a view to the planting of vines or olives. But the work had never been finished, and the slope was now a grey-green lawn of thyme and coarse grasses, starred with the bright, open goblets of autumn crocus.

Upon the summit of the hill grew an ancient pine, which Mr. Gunter contrived to climb, taking his axe. He lopped away the topmost branches, leaving a clear mast of trunk standing above the remainder of the foliage. Using the two large handkerchiefs which he had in his pockets, he made a flag, and with his necktie as a halyard, lashed this signal of distress to the mast and clambered down, blown but triumphant, to rest in the sun among the crocuses. There remained the question of the rose-bushes.

Throughout that afternoon and the following two days, Mr. Gunter worked hard. He opened the crates, took out the bales of shrubs and, after digging a suitable hole for each bale, heeled the roots into the

moist earth. While Mr. Gunter thus worked at his trade, ate two meals a day, and fetched water from a mountain spring, he gave little thought to anything else, but when no more remained to be done, he had time to be surprised that not a single vessel had passed the strait, and that his white flag remained unnoticed.

Surprised but not alarmed: fear came only ten days later, when the weather changed and he was examining his reduced store of food. The sky above the island was now black with racing clouds, a high, shrill wind tossed and twisted the trees, and a grey, cold sea broke furiously upon the white beach. The voice of the gulls had become more plaintive than ever. As for food, there seemed to be enough for ten days, at two meals a day. 'Am I to die of starvation within ten miles of my fellow men?' Mr. Gunter asked himself, and decided that since help would not come to him, he must seek it. 'With the packing-cases and a few small trees', he assured himself, 'I can make a stout raft, and with my coat for a sail and a wind from the west, I can be on the far shore within three hours'.

But since Mr. Gunter was what he was, there was first other work to be done. During three days he worked at clearing shallow trenches in the open side of the hill. He dug with the speed and thoroughness of thirty years of experience and craftsmanship. When the trenches were ready, he began the planting of the rose-bushes, doing the work as carefully and conscientiously as if he were planting the shrubs in the Ethiopian garden for which they were intended. No lesser way was possible to him, he had to plan as well as he could and was as incapable of undue haste or of rough-and-ready ways as he was of leaving the roses to wither unplanted.

When all were in the soil in neat, straight rows, Mr. Gunter again parcelled out his food, making fourteen meals of it. With one such meal a day, eked out with a few wild olives and chestnuts which he had found, Mr. Gunter had still a fortnight's grace before making his perilous voyage. Hoping for an improvement in the weather, he began to build his raft. He cut down six small pine-trees, chopped suitable lengths from the straightest part of the trunks and rolled and dragged them down to the beach where he had first been cast away. He laid the logs parallel, and carefully forcing off the planks of the rose-crates, so as to preserve the nails as straight as possible, he decked over the raft.

When this was done—and the work was laborious and long—he saw that the result was too flimsy, and, although he was no sailor and had the confidence of ignorance, he studied the craft with some uneasiness.

Then he had an idea, and going up to the hut, prised off its stout door, took a coil of thin rope which he had found among the stores, and dragging the door down to the raft, he placed it across the fragile deck and lashed the whole about with the cord. Mr. Gunter made a short mast of pine, lashed on a cross-tree, stepped the mast amidships and stayed it with all that remained to him of the rope. He had worked from first light to twilight during a week, and he was tired, aching, and hungry. He beheld his finished work, made certain that, bad as it was, he had not the means to improve it, prepared and ate all the remaining food and lay down to sleep.

With the dawn he rose, and using the lever which he had prepared, worked the raft into the sea, which, although still choppy, had subsided from its late violence. The wind, if rather too strong, was favourable. Mr. Gunter removed his worn and salted coat, lashed it by the arms to the cross-tree, tied a strip of his shirt to the tail as a sheet, and with good courage, set out upon his voyage.

The wind began to blow stronger, the crazy raft lumbered and clambered through the rising sea. Mr. Gunter had fixed the spade as a rudder, in a notch in the stern of his vessel, and fully occupied in managing this with one hand, and the sheet with the other, paid no attention to the condition of his hull. He was soon wet through and felt very hungry and very cross, but he was not frightened and saw that he was making progress. But a mile and a half from the beach, the raft fell to pieces, and Mr. Gunter had time, before he drowned, to reflect with satisfaction that he had planted the rose-trees.

When, in the spring, the first of the fishermen coasted the south-west of Plendros in search of sardines, he beheld and smelt a miracle. Roses bloomed upon every one of the two thousand rose-bushes, for they had been selected and planted by the most sagacious rose-grower in Europe. The fisherman gazed in awestruck reverence, crossed himself, muttered a brief prayer of thanks and propitiation, and putting the boat about, made all sail for the harbour and the village priest.

First the priest and then the Metropolitan came, and saw, and worshipped. It was observed that the Christ of the Icon had removed the door of His dwelling in order that he might see the miracle which had been wrought, perhaps by His Mother, for His delectation. And that the angels who had carried out the work had eaten the store of food. A shrine was built on Plendros, with priests and two gardeners to tend the roses, and pilgrims from great distances came to worship before the icon and to look down upon Mr. Gunter's miracle.—*Third Programme*

France First: the Rest Nowhere

ALAN PRYCE-JONES gives the second of three talks about food

ONLY once have I been put in charge of a kitchen, and that was in France at the end of 1939. We were a little group of officers who had been sent over to set up a prisoner-of-war camp at Dieppe—and a fairly representative little group too, I imagine. There was our commanding officer, still labouring under the astonishment of finding himself pitchforked out of civilian life into the stiff ceremoniousness of military command in a rear area. There was an ex-Queen's Park rugby player, who showed a firm Scottish disapproval of everything south of the Border. There was an evangelist. There were one or two elderly second lieutenants who talked of Wipers and Passchendaele and held indignation-meetings round a bottle of Cointreau because they were not colonels. There was a friendly Yorkshire journalist, and there was myself.

What was lacking, however, was so much as one single prisoner of war, and as we had nothing to do we portioned out every possible task with minute care among each other. At one moment I even had to take a crusty old major from another unit for little drives in an ambulance while he was awaiting court-martial. So that it seemed a kind of promotion when I was appointed mess officer. Now to be mess officer in Dieppe in 1939 opened a dazzling horizon. We had been billeted in the Grand Hotel; the Grand Hotel possessed an excellent chef; the resources of Normandy seemed limitless; and we had enough money with us to allow for a few extras. For a week, therefore, I gave my officers really delicious food. The chef and I chose the fish every morning in the market ourselves. We pinched

chickens, we skewered sides of beef; we consulted over the wisdom of rubbing a little garlic round the salad-bowl; we organised the sauces and the soufflés as carefully as if we had been disposing our troops for a battle.

And, alas, that is just what we were doing. On the eighth day the battle was joined. My officers came in a body and asked why, when I could get delicious tinned salmon at the NAAFI, and Californian peaches, and good English peas in cans, *why* I persisted in poisoning them with all this indigestible stuff which had to be hidden in cream and butter and lettuce in order to make it presentable? Why get fresh salmon, why get grapes from the vine, why embark on a *sauce vinaigrette* with those fearful artichokes? Why, why indeed?

I need not go into what happened after that (luckily I was posted elsewhere before long)—and I should not have begun the story, even, if it were not a very significant one. For although the word has been going round for some time that the English really love good food and have merely been unlucky, these last years, in getting it, that is not, I believe, true. And I am not sure that this is not bound up with a very complex element in the English character, which amounts, briefly, to a delight in small disasters. Is it something to do with our sense of humour? I think it may be; for a sense of humour is closely linked to the idea of things going wrong. And I suspect that most English people get less pleasure from eating a good meal than from discussing the mishaps of a bad one. Think of all the jokes on record about burnt toast, cakes which refuse to rise, and the mere mention

of blancmange. In other countries such matters are the subject of bitter reproach or—more probably—inarticulate sorrow. Here we dig each other in the ribs with a wise look. Another uneatable meal. What fun it all is!

It is true, of course, that we have been largely spared an attitude which is not less painful. We do not treat food as a religion. Every now and again, it may be, some worthy society attempts this. Far too many people are crowded into a hired room. Sole Véronique is provided, with a little Moselle; duck, perhaps, with three segments of orange and a Chamberlain; stilton, and a very very small glass of vintage port. While the Jamaican cigars and the armagnac are going round, a rosy old gentleman makes a speech. You know the speech: about civilisation, France, Rabelais, sunlight, George Saintsbury; about the economy of using only the best materials, with a backward glance at English cooking in the eighteenth century. But while you listen you have at any rate the consoling thought that this kind of event is quite exceptional in England, whereas in France it is happening all the time. You are never quite safe, in that delightful country, from people who have long forgotten that the main point of good food is to eat it. They will talk about it, sometimes with rising excitement, generally in the rich lowered tone of voice reserved for piety and family bereavement.

Doubts in Belgium

And yet, there it is: one cannot get away from the fact that, compared to France, the rest of the eating world is nowhere. I think one sees it best if one starts in Belgium and works south. Belgian food seems so wonderful at first. And then a doubt creeps in. Just a little too heavy, perhaps; too creamy, too crowded with meat: rather like the pictures by Jordaens which hang in the passages of large country-houses. The Belgians themselves, looking up from their immense plates, remind one of the ponderous words which are used to describe seventeenth-century citizens. They look like burgesses, like portreeves, like captains-general.

And then one crosses the frontier into France, and in a very few miles a lightening of texture occurs. This is still the world of Chardin and Oudry: a world in which immense importance is attached to the simplest, and the greatest, of things—like bread and wine—in which the *casse-croûte* is as important as the meal itself. And though the food-bored and the wine-bored are only just round the corner—generally with some solid commercial aim in view—there is the constant satisfaction in France of knowing that food, like intelligence and feeling and work, is being kept in its proper place; a place determined by a scale of values which runs all through life.

I can very well remember, just after the war, when things were still difficult, going into a cottage in the north of France to visit a very old couple living on a very small pension. They were cooking their lunch as I went in, and with the same elegance and care as if they were expecting the President. It was perfectly simple, and I should very much doubt if all the food was legally come by, but the cutlets grilled just-so, the tender kidney-beans, the salad so different from our damp English salads covered with some bottled compound which looks like metal-polish—all this, and the cream cheese and the fresh-picked fruit seemed to me a much better subject of conversation than the magnificent meals which were already creeping back into the Paris restaurants. For there were two quiet old people—a retired game-keeper and his wife, to be precise—who were clearly determined that in difficult times, when some choice had to be made among the elements of civilisation, food was left out of account. Naturally one ate well, and that was an end to it. And I have sometimes wondered whether, if the rigours of our own cooking can be linked with our dominant trait, that fatal sense of humour, the virtues of French gastronomy may not be attached to a national attitude of mind which M. Gabriel Marcel has called *piété envers les choses*—a kind of reverence which is quite opposed to a sense of humour. It is that reverence which makes the French esteem intelligence, but makes them rate material things only less high. In the last resort, it makes them revere the human animal—thus causing, for example, a revolution in the name of liberty, fraternity and equality. And after all, the very first thing to do to an animal is to feed it well, to keep up its sense of well-being as a guarantee of its animal virtues.

But an innate sense of reverence prevents this process ever becoming gross. Whereas in Germany, for lack of that quality, good eating, even before the war, was much affected by the general notion that the world is divided into the privileged, for whom nothing is too good,

and the others, who are lucky to get anything at all. I don't think this was always so; it may be that the Slav influence which spread through Germany as Prussian dominance increased had something to do with it. Certainly, the picture of German life which one gets from classical German novelists has a rather touching patriarchal simplicity about it; but as soon as the Empire came into being, the structure of German society was wrenched into quite new patterns. And one of the effects of this wrenching process was that while at some levels the German people suddenly made (and kept) a great deal of money, at others they underwent bewildering fluctuations of prosperity.

Perhaps the best food I have ever eaten in my life was at Walter-spiel's, in Munich, twenty years ago; and Horcher's, in Berlin, was hardly less wonderful. But in both—and in private houses—there was always the unpleasant sensation which I imagine one would have experienced in an eighteenth-century palace, that fine food (as opposed to food merely copious) was something apart from the ordinary experience of ordinary people, simply because it was far too expensive. Only in Alsace, and in the Rhineland, where a fusion of French and German habit had to some extent taken place, could one feel the comforting hope that good living was pretty general.

And in Austria, too, though it was all too easy to fall upon greasy, lumpy food of the nastiest kind, a certain Mediterranean virtue had crept into the kitchen—a virtue which expressed itself best in little things like cakes and sauces and foie gras and sandwiches. Yes, and fresh-caught trout. The Austrians, who like play, like playing at cooking, also; and I have always read a certain symbolic sense into the Marschallin's very insubstantial breakfast at the beginning of the 'Rosenkavalier'. You will remember that both she and her lover have to make do with a little chocolate poured into the smallest of coffee-cups. It is always so, in every opera-house: no doubt a tribute to the *raffinertheit* which is always struggling in Austria with a rebellious love of dumpling, black puddings and garlic sausage.

Thus one could go round the world sniffing at kitchen doors and wondering at the oddness of humanity: wondering why the Czechs had no notion of fine eating while the Slovaks kept up a country state which can only be compared to the meals in Surtees and Whyte-Melville; wondering why more is not spoken about Danish shrimps, Swiss *râclette*, Spanish sausage; wondering why the English feel such violent love or violent hate for Italian cooking, but seldom any temperate emotion about it; wondering how the Greeks manage to avoid dying of inanition and the Dutch of surfeit.

No doubt one could theorise about these things; one could establish some sort of equation between cooking and national character; but at this point I should like to come back to England, and wonder instead whether there is not something to be done about our own food. Where the Czechs and the Dutch and the Danes and the Greeks have so marked a character in this respect why must we alone among the nations produce food so mild and insipid that most of us eat it without even noticing that we are doing so? I don't speak as a disappointed expert. I do not notice more than anybody else. Sometimes, in a club, or a restaurant, when I am given a piece of roast beef I find myself vaguely wondering whether it tastes more like flannel or serge, but I accept the object without any particular emotion. I do not spend a full minute pressing a Camembert cheese with the flat of a knife before saying 'yes' to it, and I have long ceased to form any clear notion of what to expect when I order coffee.

Do We Get What We Expect?

But perhaps this is a mistake. Ought I to write indignant comments on the backs of bills, to send for head waiters, to leap to my feet in indignation? I notice, for instance, that when French friends have meals with me in public in London everything is quite different. It is as though they were in league with the establishment. They merely motion for more butter, and they are given more butter; they ask off-handedly for extra lumps of sugar; they get dry martinis which are practically white instead of the glass of vermouth which is my normal lot. From this I surmise that the attraction of good food and service towards the French is like that of money towards the rich. Because they expect it, they get it. Whereas the English are fobbed off with a piece of boiled serge and some tinned peas simply because they too expect what they get.

Oh, at the moment, no doubt, there is every excuse. At the moment we are able to indulge a second national habit; that of making a virtue of a necessity. But why, I wonder, don't we take a leaf out of the American book? For the Americans are frankly defeatist about food.

They know it will be extremely clean, that there will be a lot of it, and that it will have no particular taste—only a very brave and great people, for example, could elevate anything so hostile to the palate as pumpkin pie to the status of a national dish. But what, then, do the Americans do? They concentrate on a few things, beautifully done—things of great simplicity. And so you know that wherever you are you can get a really good cheap meal; eggs and bacon, hamburgers, salads, coffee—that kind of thing. All meals turn more or less into breakfast, but at least they are good in their way. And surely the only hope for a people which is not interested in its food is to standardise and to simplify. That at any rate would eliminate the terrible experiences which lie in wait for the traveller through the English provinces.

And it would have another advantage; that the parts of England in which greed survives would come into their own. At the present moment, discouraged as they are, a great many people base their ideas of English food upon the London area. Whereas in Yorkshire, in the West Country, in Cheshire, the standard is quite different. Not to mention Scotland. If only these happy counties are not overweighed by the generally bad reputation of English food the merit of their cooking will at once be recognised. I can imagine the motorist pressing out of London in some happier age than this, and drawing up for

lunch somewhere near Huntingdon at an inn by the roadside. It will be quite unlike the ordinary inn. In fact, it will be a place to get out of as soon as possible. As in America, he will eat as quickly as he can, not in the spirit of one seeking refreshment, but simply as though he were putting more petrol into his tank. The food will be piping hot, spotlessly clean, and served in cheerful surroundings. And, thus fortified, he will go on towards his real destination, towards some gastronomic paradise like Ripon or Market Harborough, or Clitheroe, which will have been built up in reputation over the years until it is spoken of like Bourg-en-Bresse or Vienne or Parma.

It is a favourite dream of mine, this reconciliation between our general carelessness in matters of food and our regional pride. And I see no reason why it should not come about as soon as eggs and bacon and butter are more plentiful. And then I go on to dream of the changes in our character which might follow; of the increase in good humour, and stability of mind, and hospitable invention. Imagine a gastronomic map of the Lake District, imagine some of the placid greed of Normandy at work in the very similar landscape of Sussex or Kent . . . Imagine . . . but then again I remember our ingrained apathy in matters of food, and I wonder whether anyone except the foreign visitors would even notice any change.—*Third Programme*

Planning the New Garden

By WILLIAM CURTIS

AT present our front garden is raised about four feet above road level. At first I had considered turning it into a lawn with a line of flowering trees bordering the road, but after we had all had a go at breaking our necks down the four steep steps that at present lead to the front gate, we held a family conference and I suggested we should move the entrance to the extreme far end of the front wall, and then construct an easy sloping path to the front porch. I like the idea because we can build a dry wall for the full length of the walk. For the time being the wall will be planted with the good old hardy favourites—and what a wonderful show it is possible to get from a few sixpenny packets of seed. I sometimes wonder if it is generally known how easy it is to raise garden pinks from seed. I make a practice of sowing a pan in the spring and long before the fall of the year I have got several hundred sturdy plants that will give a grand display for many seasons. I like to get my pink seeds from a nurseryman who has made a speciality of raising members of the dianthus family.

Just now with a completely new garden on hand I shall have to be extra busy raising seedlings. Dahlias come well from seed, and this year I hope to raise enough seedlings to fill the border that runs almost the full width of the garden; it is the ideal border for dahlias because it gets a lot of protection from the greenhouse that runs parallel to it. I have had my best results with dahlias when I have managed to get the seed sown early in February. This means using just a little heat, and then giving frost protection until about the second week in May. I suggest the cheapest way of raising a few pans of seedlings is to fix up a small propagating frame inside the cold greenhouse; this means that the area that needs be heated is cut right down to the minimum.

In starting a new garden one of the early jobs must be to give some thought to the permanent residents—the trees and shrubs—and the sooner they are planted the sooner we shall get that nice mature look that means so much to the garden lover. Apart from a number of espalier-trained fruit trees, our new garden is bare of trees. I am losing no time in putting this to rights. I think every gardener should plant at least one flowering tree in a position where it can be seen by the passer-by. As we have got a good frontage to a main road, I am going to practise what I preach. And remembering the sight that has given me most joy—the tender pink of almond blossom on a bleak March day—my first choice will be a standard tree of the common almond. This will have as neighbour one of those lovely winter flowering cherries. When I say 'neighbour' perhaps I had better suggest a distance between the trees of at least fifteen feet—more if the garden is big enough. There is a snag, of course, in this wide planting; it leaves so much bare space in between the trees. But what a grand chance this gives to experiment with carpeting plants, which in time will smother out even the most persistent of weeds.

What shall we choose for this underplanting? I don't think we can go wrong with a few of the ericas; they make a grand splash of colour, and if we pick our varieties with care we can have our splash of colour at the time of the year when we need it most. The variety 'King George', for instance, can be had in bloom right through the winter. This variety does not mind lime, but if you have any doubt about your soil, make sure that you order only the varieties that can stand up to lime conditions.

Another favourite plant for carpeting is the good old rock cress—the well-known mauve aubretia. This plant will grow almost anywhere, but I have proved it to be far happier when allowed to trail itself over a piece of rock. So I shall arrange to plant my aubretia well to the front of the bed, where it can hang over the face of the dry wall. Not far away from the aubretia I am going to find room for a clump or two of arabis—the double white one is a beauty and will look a treat against the deeper shades of mauve and pink. I doubt if there is a plant easier to grow than the sun rose. The flowers drop by midday, but there is always a fresh lot to come out the following morning. The sun rose is a lime lover, and it does need to be planted where it can really bask in the sun. Sow the seeds in April, or if you can get hold of a few cuttings put these in during July.

Before I stop talking about my small front garden I must think of at least one tree that will give us a real feast of colour in the autumn. Our choice will be something that stays quite small, and what could be better suited to our plan than one of the maples? One of the Japanese red-leaved varieties will do fine. These little trees are a grand sight at any season, with their finely cut leaves and distinctive colouring. But if you are thinking of planting one, do as I am going to do; walk round a good nursery and see the trees growing.

It is time, too, for me to start to think about something to cover the walls. How about a pyracantha to cover the porch? It is a nice bright green right through the year, and the cheerful red berries do a lot towards keeping the garden going during the dark days of winter. And as a worthy companion for this cheerful plant what could be better than the winter-flowering jasmine—*Jasminum nudiflorum*?

What about that expanse of brickwork under the window? I must put something there that will not get in the way of the window-cleaner's ladder, so I do not think I can go wrong if I plant a *Cotoneaster horizontalis*—that is one of those delightful fan-shaped shrubs that one sees so often clinging to the walls of old country cottages.—*From a talk in the West of England Home Service*

The following varieties of succulent plants were mentioned by Mr. Gordon Rowley in 'Home Grown' on January 28: *Rhinephyllum broomii*, *Rebutia*, *Lobivia*, *Mammillaria*, *Faucaria*, *Stapelia*, *Crassula* and *Echeveria*.

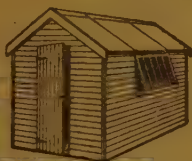
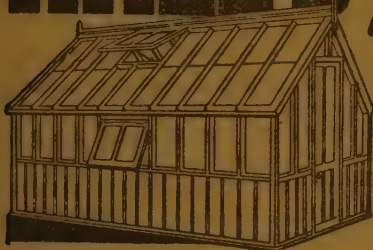
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What is Academic Art?

By A. K. LAWRENCE, R.A.

THE words "academy" and "academic" should either be restored to their original meaning or never used in connection with the visual arts at all. This was the view of that fine critic, the late D. S. MacColl, and I shared his opinion. In this article I want to examine the true meaning of 'academy' and its adjective, 'academic', as applied to the art of painting. Today, the word 'academic' is constantly used in speech and in literature to mean theoretical, technical, or even trivial, as, for example, in the phrases 'an academic point' or 'merely academic'. Admittedly, the word may be given various shades of meaning, but, when applied to visual art, 'academic' cannot mean 'theoretical', since there is no such thing as theoretical art. The expression 'pseudo-academic' could be allowed to describe bad visual art of this or any age, and 'non-academic' might describe certain visual art peculiar to this present century, but even these expressions are meaningless unless the true import of the expression 'academic art' is first understood and appreciated.

The word Academy owes its origin to the crowd of noble, learned, and illustrious pupils who attended the lectures of Plato in the Grove of Academus, near Athens, in the fourth century B.C., where, for forty years, he presided over what is generally recognised as the original Academy. The Academy of Plato, though no doubt a place where knowledge was imparted and assimilated, was far more than a mere school. Here it was that those dialogues, which have been the admiration of the world, were composed and perfected. Cicero describes it as a 'workshop', in the same way as he might have described the studio workshops of the sculptor Praxiteles, or the painter Apelles. The word is apt to describe the botteggi, or 'shops', that is 'workshops', of the Italian mural painters, and also the studios of the oil painters, who succeeded them, not only in Italy, but throughout all Europe.

Thus, the original Academy, though a seat of learning, was one which was also both productive and creative. Master and pupils co-operated in testing and perfecting their theories and, under the guidance of the master, produced systems of philosophy in a manner which may be correctly described as the 'academic method'. And such was the method adopted in the 'academies', or workshops, of the visual artists, where master and pupils were all, actually, practitioners, and where styles and techniques were the results of evolutionary development, and where experiment was ever practical and never theoretical. This evolution, or, as I will now call it, academic method, obtained until comparatively recent times in the realm of painting.

Without considering the causes of the change, we may observe that the ancient academic system declined in the late eighteenth century, painters receiving their training principally in Galleries, where the works of the masters were copied, following a period of study at a school of art. Today, an 'academy', in its true sense, is almost unknown, but instruction in our leading schools of art proceeds on traditional

lines, and what may be called the 'academic principle', if not the academic method, is followed. The phrase 'academic principle' means the principle perpetuated by the old academies, or botteggi, namely that painting is a representational visual art, rooted in the conviction that the genuine artistic impulse is to create the illusion of reality, that is, visual reality, in a naturalistic style to the limits of the painter's skill and the possibilities of the medium. All great European art has resulted from the acknowledgment of this principle.

A narrow definition of academic art must be to describe it as the expression of Hellenistic and Renaissance culture, and all art which derives from these sources. It seems to me, however, that all true visual art originates in what I have defined as the academic principle; which, though neglected or derided, nevertheless endures and cannot change until the visual world changes. In the realm of science the discoveries of men of the highest genius do, from time to time, result in revolutions of thought and method, but the scientist deals with physical reality itself, and not its visible nature only. Art may not be identified with science. There can be no revolutions in the visual arts, such as may occur in the realms of science.

The so-called 'revolutionaries' of this century (as is now freely admitted by critics) need interpreters to make them intelligible to the world at large, thereby suggesting that visual art can no longer make direct appeal, but must be explained in terms of another art. Such 'revolutionaries' may be compared to a writer who invents a new language, a language which

in the first instance is intelligible only to himself. The impulse of the 'revolutionary' as he calls himself can have nothing to do with the academic principle, which has produced all the great art of the world, and the revolutionary must be defined as one who, in his art, severs all connection with tradition, suggesting that his impulse is entirely that of the intellectual, an intellectual being one whose intellect is, actually, not his servant but his master. It is true to say that all great art is academic, though all academic art may not be great. It is a question of kind, not of degree, and I would add that when the term 'naturalism' has been used here, it is presupposed and agreed that there are also degrees of naturalism according to the limitations of the artist's skill and medium of expression. Unless the word 'academic' is used to convey that which is rooted in tradition, and which is ever evolving according to the true artistic impulse, here defined as the academic principle, the word should never be used at all in connection with the visual arts.

The drawing reproduced on this page is the major portion of a cartoon, or working drawing, for a large-scale painting. It is a synthesis, made of several studies from the model, the design having been determined in sketch form before the studies from life were made. The draughtsman is not conscious of imitating any particular style, but is intent on expressing the idea of Leda as it exists in his visual imagination; the essential subject, therefore, being the form, movement, line, pattern and, in the painting, to heighten these, colour.



Cartoon for composition, 'Leda', by A. K. Lawrence, R.A.

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The Listener's Book Chronicle

Thirty Years with G.B.S.

By Blanche Patch. Gollancz. 12s. 6d.
G.B.S. A Postscript

By Hesketh Pearson. Collins. 10s. 6d.
Bernard Shaw

By Hesketh Pearson. Collins. 8s. 6d.
'I AM NOT A SHAVIAN. I was never, as he perceived and said, swept away by his personality. . . . I remained an outsider, now and again, perhaps, throwing out some comment which would suggest to him an outsider's point of view. But I never came under the spell'. These words reveal the temper of Miss Patch's book. They also bear witness to her sense of independence—or, should one say, her limited outlook? At all events it seems on the face of it a trifle odd that the great revolutionary should have had as his secretary and go-between with the outer world one whose notions of life, as appears from these pages, were and have remained so conformable to the atmosphere of a Kensington hotel. Yet Shaw would not have had it otherwise. 'It has been a great advantage to us both', he wrote, after he had annoyed her so much that, if she had been able to afford it, she would have left him on the spot, 'that you have been completely unaffected by my doctrine and my philosophy, and held your own against it, unswamped by my personality'. The fact also that Miss Patch joined Shaw when he was past what is normally the retiring age and was with him during his apotheosis and what Mr. Hesketh Pearson alludes to as his 'second childhood' carries obvious limitations. These things having been said, it must be added that the book is full of interest and is one that future writers on Shaw ought not to miss.

Close association with the everyday practicalities of Shaw's life was clearly not all jam. After a particularly exhausting and urgent piece of work, successfully accomplished, 'not one word of thanks or praise did I ever get for what was really a stupendous effort. G.B.S. was like that: he took one's work for granted'. As a guest he was disappointing, as a host formidable. At Ayot, 'for the first couple of meals he might make some effort at conversation and then you would sit, conscious that he did not want to utter a word, while he switched on the wireless and kept it on even if he disliked the programme. It made meals a misery'. About money he was not 'fundamentally' mean; he was finicky. He declined to face the fact that salaries earned before the war were quite insufficient in the succeeding years of peace. Even his accountant could not bring him to understand that if he paid his employees more he could include much of the outlay in expenses against income tax. In his latter years he became obsessed with the idea that he was on the verge of bankruptcy—with resultant turmoil for Miss Patch and others. His humanitarianism, she observes, lacked humanity, his benevolence was impersonal. Even with the birds for whom he took the trouble every day to scatter bread on the lawn, his attitude was aloof: for all he knew both bread and birds might have been eaten by the cat.

About herself Miss Patch writes modestly. It is not for her, she as good as says, to add her testimony to Shaw's greatness. What she gives the impression of having aimed at is an objective appraisal of the man as she knew him. In this she has succeeded admirably.

Mr. Hesketh Pearson in his *Postscript* sheds interesting sidelights. The first part tells of some of the difficulties he experienced while writing his *Life of Shaw* (now reprinted in the St. James's

Library edition); the second part describes Shaw's life from the date reached in the biography to the end of his career.

Herdsman and Hermits

By T. C. Lethbridge.
Bowes and Bowes. 10s. 6d.

Every discipline needs its rogue elephants who do not walk sedately with the herd. Mr. Lethbridge is something of a rogue elephant in the archaeological herd, partly because he knows what archaeology is for, partly because he delights in the stimulus of putting bits of the past together and constructing the jig-saw, and partly because he is ready to use his imagination to complete the picture (which was never on the box lid) while many of the pieces are still missing. His subject in these papers is that North European highway, or seaway, which rounded Land's End and the Isles of Scilly, and passed up between Wales and Ireland to Scotland, Denmark and Norway. Concerned most of all with its northern end, he naturally goes on—to Iceland, Greenland, even Wineland the Good.

Why was the highway established? Because it was easier to go by sea than by land (do we realise how until recently travellers from one part of England to another, even one part of a county to another, found it cheaper and quicker to use coasting vessels than to make a long trek overland?). But why round and up by the west?—Because the English Channel and the North Sea as well are not so ancient, and the route 'may have dated back to before the drowning of the North Sea plains'. Megalithic man 'could probably reach Denmark by hugging the coasts all the way round the west, north and east of Scotland'. Agile jumps go from question to question, from hazy answer to answer. How much was the movement of peoples into Britain—the Beaker folk, for instance—due to the submergence of herding, hunting and dwelling grounds on the North Sea plain? What kinds of boat were used from the Bronze Age to the Iron Age and into the Dark Age for the immensely long voyages? Who built the brochs? How much did the hermits of Celtic Christianity know of Iceland, even of Greenland? Are modern Icelanders after all of pure Norse descent and not rather a mixture of Norse and Celt? What happened to the Norse settlements of Greenland in the fifteenth century when the country was turning colder? Doesn't the evidence rather suggest that the Greenlanders were not, after all, overwhelmed by Eskimoes, but abandoned their farms and their country? And where did they go? To America? Or back to Europe?

Startling and heretical as some of the suggested answers may be, Mr. Lethbridge knows the North and the seas, and the conditions from Scotland to Iceland and Greenland. In Adamnan's life of St. Columba, Cormac in search of a desert was carried northward for fourteen days by a gale. Mr. Lethbridge believes he reached Greenland. Why? Because the account says that his boat was attacked by myriads of loathsome stinging creatures, as large as frogs which nearly pierced the sides of the boat. To Mr. Lethbridge, who has felt Greenland mosquitoes, it seems the almost perfect description. No one who has experienced Greenland mosquitoes will ever forget them: 'They would not bite through the leather sides of a curragh but they seem as if they could, nor are they as large as frogs, but they seem as if they are'.

How dangerous to hazard such things! But it is not that the rogue elephant despises evidence or is ignorant of dirt archaeology. The trowel

may beget theory, but theorising may also direct the trowel to the right place. 'Few archaeologists today', Mr. Lethbridge writes, 'dare to trail their coats and it becomes blasphemous to criticise the statements of a specialist. Let us risk making cockshies of ourselves. A good shower of "Irish confetti" will often serve to water the field for the growth of learning'. The result is a book which is learned, provoking, imprudent, and fascinating, written without jargon and with the sense that prehistoric peoples existed, each with two legs and two arms, and were not merely so many abstract 'cultures'. Some of his colleagues (who will not always be convinced) might imitate Mr. Lethbridge's concreteness and directness of writing.

Not All Vanity. By Baroness de Stoeckl

Edited by George Kinnaird.
Murray. 18s.

These memoirs are of a kind that is becoming increasingly rare. They are largely concerned with high life in late Victorian and Edwardian times, and with what their author calls 'the most frivolous, smart, corrupt society of the time'. Born in Paris in 1874 of Irish parents who enjoyed 'enormous fortunes' from 'vast estates' in Mexico, Agnes Barron was impressed by the two drawing-rooms in her parents' elegant *hôtel*, and by the coach-house attached thereto, containing 'the mailcoach, the vis-à-vis, the victoria, the brougham, the landau, the phaeton, and lastly the pony cart'. It is hardly surprising that she shows an addiction to adjectives indicating size and profusion. On a single page, for example, we learn of a 'very handsome' young woman ('the toast', be it added, of the season in St. Petersburg in 1860), whose trunks were not merely packed, but 'cramped with all the necessary accessories', and who, having encountered an 'enormously stout' lady, went to a ball at the Winter Palace, then 'run on the most fabulous lines', and notable for its 'extraordinary immensity'. This hyperbolic style wafts the reader happily out of a world of scrag ends, gnawing anxieties, and utility prose.

In 1892, when she was eighteen, the author married Baron de Stoeckl, who was partly Russian, partly Italian, and partly American. He was a diplomat in the service of the Tsar. The trouble about the season in London in 1894 was that 'one was expected to do so much hard work resting to look fresh'. After lunch, especially, 'the great thing was not to move too much so as not to look tired'. At four o'clock one began dressing for a ball at eleven. Sleeves had become so 'enormous' that there was no room for one's husband in the brougham; he had to follow in a hansom. From 1897 to 1908 the Baron acted as equerry to a Russian Grand Duke, and the Baroness recalls with zest the good times they enjoyed. Her reminiscences of various royal and imperial personages illuminate in particular the outbursts of desperate frivolity in which the poor things sought relief from the cares and formalities of their lives. The Grand Duke sits down deliberately in a chocolate soufflé at Cannes; the Grand Duchess and ex-King Manoel of Portugal fight a duel with soda-water syphons in a small house in Harrogate; and Queen Alexandra attends a 'gymkhana party' in the Baroness's drawing-room at Claridge's and wins a high-kicking competition, but in the act of doing so falls on her back, drives a tortoiseshell comb into the back of her head, and makes a 'deep' wound.

The Russian Revolution obliged the author to work for her living, and she began at £5 a week at a dressmaker's in Maddox Street, but her high spirits and useful connections kept her buoyant, and we find her in the nineteen-thirties visiting Lancut, the Potockis' palace in Poland. There everything was as 'huge' and 'enormous' as she could wish. Eleven dining-rooms were used in rotation; 'huge' doors opened, there was a 'flood' of light, out poured an 'avalanche' of men-servants; and Count Alfred, surrounded by grooms blowing trumpets, drove his four-in-hand mail coach 'full pelt' through the hall.

The reader can do nothing but share with delight these memories of a life so full of fun, envy the resilience with which their author met adversity, and wish her long life in this country, where she now makes her home. It may be doubted whether she can now find around her more than vestiges of the dazzling and 'enormous' exuberance of her heyday, but like the camel, which is said to be long sustained by the secretions of his hump, she can no doubt travel far through a figurative desert upon those of her memory.

**The Great Exhibition of 1851:
a Commemorative Album.
Compiled by C. H. Gibbs-
Smith. H.M.S.O. 6s.**

This is by far the most accurate, informative and entertaining account of the Great Exhibition which has yet appeared. If it is not impertinent to suggest that a body so august as the Victoria and Albert Museum should possess anything so fanciful and carefree as wings, it may be said that this publication appears under the powerful, protecting wing of that South Kensington institution. Since the unexpectedly large profit from the Exhibition (some £186,000) was devoted to the purchase of the site on which the Museum stands, there is something singularly appropriate in the graceful tribute thus paid to the Exhibition. As the book is published by the Stationery Office, some might point to this as a Government inspired publication, as a rival to 'free enterprise'; but most people will feel that there is little to fear from government patronage of this kind. The excellence of the book lies not in its authority, but in the skill and judgment with which a brave tale is related.

The editor has been fortunate in obtaining the King's permission to include many unpublished extracts from Queen Victoria's journal. She recalls the gullibility of that generation of mid-Victorians when she records the comment of a visitor before an immense piece of alum 'Why, it must be Lot's wife'. The contemporary comments of the newspapers are also interesting. Alcohol was not on sale inside the Crystal Palace, and one indignant beer drinker wrote a furious letter to the papers complaining that instead of ale he had been obliged to content himself with six 'hices'. We learn from Sir Henry Cole, one of the secretaries of the Exhibition, that Lord John Manners, author of the verse about 'our old nobility', 'wholly disapproved of the Exhibition'. The comment of *The Times* on the scene inside the Palace on one of the expensive (5s.) days is remarkable 'Foreigners also came, their bearded visages conjuring up all the horrors of

Free Trade'. It is interesting to note that in 1851 a piece of iron, shaped in the foundry of Messrs. Fox and Henderson at Birmingham, was within 18 hours fixed in its proper place in the Palace. The curious may begin to wonder if in the intervening century progress has not somewhat slowed down the speed of delivery. The book is exceptionally well illustrated—especially the two remarkable photographs (slightly blurred



The transept of the Crystal Palace looking south: the Beefeaters and crowds beyond awaiting the Queen's arrival on May 1, 1851

From 'The Great Exhibition: a Commemorative Album'

by the fluttering flags of all nations) of the building: these form a fascinating contrast with the romantic (though not strictly accurate) standard engravings.

**Flamingo City. By G. K. Yeates.
Country Life. 25s.**

Gannets on Grassholm, spoonbills in Holland, avocets in Suffolk and flamingoes (even if not nesting) on the Camargue are unforgettable sights for the bird-watcher, and of all these the flamingoes are the most impressive, making, as Mr. Yeates puts it, 'an island of pink' above the lagoons at the mouth of the Rhone. He was fortunate to see them just after they had bred in 1947 and then twice as many in 1948—six thousand birds—at their nests. In one way he is less fortunate, for his book has been preceded by a thorough account of the Camargue flamingoes by M. Etienne Gallet, but he recognises that a five days' visit to the colony hardly justifies a monograph, and so devotes more than half his book to other birds of a region teeming with wild life.

Here are some of the best writing and most remarkable photographs Mr. Yeates has given

us. He depicts the scene lovingly yet faithfully, not forgetting the blighting mistral, broiling heat which made hide-work a purgatory, leeches, mosquitoes and midges. He finds, as many have done, that 'few habitats better expose the impotence of a naturalist than a vast reed-bed'. Even apart from the wonderful flamingoes ('the evening sun threw their long shadows like giant black chrysanthemums across the mud'), the

rewards were rich indeed: colonies of bee-eaters, pratincoles, avocets, whiskered terns, purple herons, and black-winged stilts; many excellent pictures, including six in colour; and a valuable collection of field-notes on courtship, display and behaviour, including the effects of colonial life as a stimulus to individual pairs.

As to intelligence, the most remarkable example was at a Kentish plover's nest. The eggs were practically covered with mud-flakes, probably to protect them from the blistering heat of the sun when the bird was away; but when rain began, the bird scattered all the mud-flakes aside, leaving the eggs completely exposed, and the author has 'no doubt' that this small wader knew that the gluey mud left by rain would be sun-baked into a cover so hard that the chicks would be unable to emerge.

Bird-lovers who have some knowledge of the country between Arles and the walled town of Aigues Mortes will get most out of this book. Those for whom the Camargue is too remote can find some of the rarities—harriers, great and thrush reed warbler, little bustard and golden oriole, for instance—within a hundred kilometres of Paris.

**'Anglo-Saxon Jewellery
By Ronald Jessup.
Faber. 42s.**

'Jewellery is, above all things, a mirror to life itself'. So writes Mr. Jessup in the first line of his introduction, and on a later page he bids his readers remember that the pin of even an Anglo-Saxon brooch was capable of pricking its owner's fingers. It is this reiterated emphasis upon humanity which is perhaps the most striking feature of his book. He is enchanted (as also were his proof-readers) by the Kingston brooch and the Alfred jewel, yet his delight spreads beyond the jewels themselves to embrace the reactions of those antiquaries, several of them Kentishmen like himself, who first recovered the jewels from the earth, and of those visitors to museums, whether ordinary spectators or skilled craftsmen, who admire them in their exhibition cases today.

Mr. Jessup is well acquainted with the attempts which have been made to use Anglo-Saxon jewellery and other relics from graves as substitutes for written historical records in a period which is notoriously barren of reliable information, but this is not the point of view from which he has written his introduction. What clothes did the Anglo-Saxons wear as background to their jewels, what materials did the jewellers use and where did they get them from, what were their technical processes and how long did it take to fashion the garnets of one of the Kentish round brooches? To these and similar questions the author brings answers which are as well-informed as the evidence

allows, and a passing reference to his own experiments at casting in base metal in order to secure such evidence—the metal he used was derived 'from some indecipherable Third Brasses with no location'—is a pleasing example both of his care for archaeological detail and of his respect for antiquities. Mr. Jessup has not written his book primarily for the historian or the archaeologist, but some of them will value it the more highly just because he has written about Anglo-Saxon jewellery as what it is and not as a substitute for something which it is not.

The remainder of the book, to whose appearance as a whole both publishers and printers have given of their best, consists of a detailed commentary upon each of the large numbers of jewels which are illustrated in a series of supremely good photographs, some of them in colour. Most of these jewels have been recovered at various times from the pagan cemeteries of Kent and East Anglia. With a few exceptions, of which the finger-rings form the most notable group, they belong to the fifth, sixth and seventh centuries. The influence of Christian teaching put an end, though less abruptly than has sometimes been supposed, to the practice of placing this world's goods in the graves of the dead, and for this reason the jewellery of the later centuries of the Anglo-Saxon period is sparsely represented. The story of the recovery of Ethelwulf's ring, 'prest out of a cart-rut sideways', tells plainly enough how slight were the chances of survival without the protection of the grave. Christian practice may well have given longer life to individual jewels, but the church itself provided an abundance of new opportunities for craftsmen to exercise their skill on jewelled bindings for books, church plate, reliquaries and so forth. Items of this kind lie outside the scope of Mr. Jessup's book, but the visitor to the British Museum who has looked at the gold clasps from Sutton Hoo or the Quoit brooch from Sarre (or Crundale), would do well to look also at the Lindisfarne Gospels in the same gallery. The comparison may lead him to wonder how much of the illuminator's art was derived from that of the pagan worker in metal.

Authority and Delinquency in the Modern State. By Alex Comfort. Kegan Paul. 8s. 6d.

'The greater the degree of power, and the wider the gap between governors and governed, the stronger the appeal of office to those who are likely to abuse it, and the less the response to be expected from the individual'. This gives the key to Dr. Comfort's thesis in his own words. His book is a brilliant analysis of large-scale centralised communities. In the first of its two parts he contends that the opportunities which central control, with its administrative institutions and its enforcement troops, provide for the exercise of power attract the psychopath and the anti-social personality. In high quarters they have power to command without having to do the dirty work of execution; lower down the executives and the enforcers can order people about and bully them without bearing the responsibility for the commands they obey with relish. Furthermore the passions of men are manipulated by stereotypes in terms of which real men and women dissolve into anonymous representatives of labels: Jews, Communists, The Enemy. The circulation of such an elite is vicious because power-mongers breed power-mongers, and cling on for all they are worth to a regime in which they flourish.

And why all this? Desire for power is no doubt engendered by a patriarchal family system, but that is not the whole story. In his second part Dr. Comfort deals with the familiar paradox of men and women, who could live perfectly decent social lives, caught up in an

institutional machine, superimposed on daily life and contaminating it at every turn, which imposes upon them fictitious values. The real fault lies in a false estimation of the nature of man. It is assumed that men are predatory, hostile and idle and that the State is needed, not only to organise such services as the Post Office, but to coerce people into being good. In fact, as Dr. Comfort points out, there is plenty of evidence before our own eyes that men and women in face-to-face contact with one another are co-operative, friendly, and creative, when they get the chance. Not only that: this decent conduct is clearly what the majority of people all over the world prefer. If we are to save ourselves from disaster, we must explore the possibilities of establishing oases of social living in the deserts of urbanised society, in the hope that they will so spread that the desert will blossom with life, and the State wither away with the sand.

Selected Poems of Swinburne. Edited by Edward Shanks. Macmillan. 8s. 6d. Selected Poems of Swinburne Edited by Humphrey Hare. Heinemann. 12s. 6d.

For a number of years now there have been two Swinburnes. One, sponsored by Gosse, Beer-bohm, and Harold Nicolson, is a freakish but harmless, and fundamentally blameless little gentleman. The other, discovered by Georges Lafourcade, is an alarming and highly interesting neurotic whose poetry cannot be understood without exhaustive inquiry into his psychological peculiarities. Even in the introductions to the present selections the two Swinburnes do not quite meet. In discussing the poet's life and character, Mr. Shanks skates discerningly over the thinner ice, but never lets himself fall through. Mr. Hare dives cautiously through prepared holes and explores the world below.

It is an interesting world certainly. Many of us met it for the first time in Mario Praz's *Romantic Agony*, where the *vice anglais*, the *maisons de supplice*, the *algolagnia* and so on light up a literary perspective. But does Swinburne's personality repay study in depth in quite the same way as would Baudelaire's, for example? There was really no need of morbid psychology to assess the nature of his eroticism. It already has a literary precedent; in fact it was once a form of religion. Emotionally and psychologically, Swinburne was an Attis who worshipped woman as a cruel mother-goddess, a Cybele. The most Swinburnian poem in literature, outside Swinburne, is precisely the Attis of Catullus (if it is by Catullus). There is no doubt that the Swinburne of Lafourcade and Mr. Hare is, personally, the real one, but that in no way revolutionises one's estimate of the poetry. It is an exaggeration to see Swinburne as a violent and morbid genius, finally fettered and coddled by the amiable Watts-Dunton. His retirement with the latter was either helpless or voluntary, and if he wrote no more poetry of value after it began, perhaps it was because he had no more to write.

If more light is to be sought on the nature of the poetry it is to be found in the poetry itself. By demonstrating a plausible degree of 'development' in it, Mr. Hare rather obscures its singular quality, which is really a failure to develop, not only from one poem to another but within each poem by itself. Once the violent crisis of *Poems and Ballads* was over, Swinburne was incapable of development. He could only accumulate. As Mr. Shanks remarks, he 'never advances beyond the first statement of his subject', and 'almost all his best poems have a certain remoteness from their subjects'. It might be said that for Swinburne the subject was a

thrown stone into the pool of his excitable poetic consciousness, and the resulting ripples were the poem. Diffuseness was his very being as a poet; both his virtue and his vice. If it is condemned as one, it must be accepted as the other.

It is the dual nature of his diffuseness that makes selection both imperative and difficult. Many choices seem obvious, yet the two present selections markedly differ. Mr. Shanks, who has a prejudice against the more violently erotic poetry, omits 'Dolores', which, whatever its faults, remains a central work. He also omits the splendid 'Faustine'—one of the few poems in which the subject does not disappear—and includes nothing of 'Erechtheus'. Mr. Hare's selection is more fully representative of Swinburne's best, though he too omits 'Super Flumina Babylonis', one of the poet's supreme metrical achievements. It is still the fashion to decry Swinburne as a metrist. But he was not merely a sort of Johann Strauss of Victorian verse who sent all fashionable poetry waltzing away into the 'nineties and beyond. His occasional mastery is as undeniable as his incessant facility. It can be noted, at least, that it was only in forms of his own invention that he was a master, and he could never repeat his success. 'Hertha', that facile essay in Emersonian pantheism, is technically only a hollow echo of Swinburne's first experiment in the same verse form—and his masterpiece—the closing episode of 'Atalanta in Calydon'.

With a poet like Swinburne the worst may be considered representative along with the best. Perhaps it was this idea that made both editors include the 'Ballad of Villon', with its unspeakable refrain, 'Villon, our sad bad mad glad brother's name!' If so, they might have gone on to consider Swinburne as a parodist, and to include at least his parody of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, 'The Higher Pantheism'—one of the mightiest crescendos of absurdity, by a master of crescendo.

Transition Forty-Eight. No. 6. Transition Press. 4s. 6d.

The latest number of this rather chaotic but always stimulating review contains a curious mixture of the unusual and the *déjà vu*. Charm and pretentiousness go hand in hand in Paul Reverdy's pronouncements on the nature of poetry, which it appears should resemble the nature of Paul Reverdy's poetry, of which a large and captivating selection is given here in the original French with a touchingly naive English imitation. An air of literary polemic which is typically French pervades the articles; but in the *Documents* we are given balanced and informative opinions on *l'affaire Céline* and the case of Michel Mourre, who created a nation-wide scandal by mounting the pulpit in Notre-Dame and crying 'God is dead'. There is a translation of the official report on Mourre's neuro-psychiatric examination, a document of the greatest interest to students of existentialism.

In addition to translations from Apollinaire, Jarry and Lautréamont, M. Georges Duthuit gives us the final instalment of his very individual work, 'Sartre's Last Class'. The translators are competent on the whole, but when we read J. G. Weightman's immaculate translation of Julien Gracq's long and penetrating essay on the French attitude towards literature, we are made to feel how much better it is for a translator to have some feeling for his own, as well as for a foreign language. This essay is by far the best thing in the book, and introduces us to a critical writer of high promise. There are several pages of reproductions, including a charming portrait of Reverdy by Picasso, and an intriguing illustration to the Marquis de Sade's unpublished letter to his wife, 'La Vanille et la Manille'.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent critics

TELEVISION

Jubilations

AS 'PICTURE PAGE' reminded us last Saturday night, this is one of television's years of jubilee. By way of marking it, we were introduced to John Logie Baird's first human subject, Mr. William Taynton, who made it clear that he might also have been a victim, so full of hidden menace was the television apparatus of twenty-five years ago. Mr. Taynton's profile is thus a historic one and perhaps a plaster cast should be taken of it to go into some exhibition of a distant future. He was only an office boy when he took part in that first crude transmission and yet he managed to convey an impression of profound seniority as he told how he had gingerly struck his head between Baird's white-hot-tubes or valves or whatever they were. This, with Leslie Mitchell's deft exposition of Baird's original equipment and Cecil Madden's authoritative remembrance of official television's growing pains, was more than a tribute to a pioneering genius. It was an occasion in its own right.

'Picture Page' itself has a history, as older viewers know, and in its fifteen years it has acquired, one understands, a large and loyal following. Like all magazines, verbal as well as visual, its demand for the right sort of material is greater than the supply. No doubt that explains why last Saturday night, at dinner time or immediately after it, viewers had to endure the spectacle of a lady wrestling with a monstrous squirming snake, a far from congenial sight at such an hour. Nor did the lady's demonstration that she has a way with alligators too, appease our discomfort, and her valorous insouciance was not sufficient to redress

what many must have felt to be an error of judgment.

Our discomfort as viewers is one thing. Joan Gilbert's, timidly introducing a leopard from the zoo earlier in the programme, is another; such is human nature. At any moment we expected to see her sidle out of the picture, so apprehensive did she seem. Her 'Picture Page' job is an exacting one, full of the stresses of potential emergency. It is part of her success that long experience has not deprived her of her amateur style, with its assurance of sym-



A scene from the demonstration film given on January 23, showing a rehearsal for Richard Dimbleby's series 'London Town'. The scene deals with the Siamese community in London



A scene from the film 'Science in the Orchestra', produced by the Central Office of Information and shown on the television screen on January 24. The photograph shows the double bassoon and the piccolo being played by members of the London Symphony Orchestra



Wilfred Pickles conducting a recent interview on television; he is at present appearing in a series of programmes in which he visits places of interest and brings to the studio people he meets there

there as if they had a crusade on hand and not merely an appointment to keep. They brought to the assignment a gusto sometimes inhibited by their studio activities; by those discussion programmes, for example, in which they seem to be developing an increasingly obvious self-consciousness. Here in Canning Town they were wholly absorbed in what they had to do and the result was eminently satisfying, with character for once receiving more emphasis than personality and sincerity not being confused with self-assurance.

Pickles, who had apparently been technically required to conduct his interviews along lines of latitude only, so that the viewing eye was in fairly constant traverse from left to right, had some exceptionally good material to work on and he made the most of it. No one has a keener insight into the neighbourhood spirit which was the essence of the programme; no one, it is doubtless fair to add, has done as much as he to encourage and preserve it. Under

the spell of his presence the persons he interviewed became personages. We felt them to be a little larger than life-size, amplified not in importance but in genuineness, not simply rate-payers and voters but custodians of local virtue. The hospital matron with brave memories of the blitz, the stevedore who is against life in a flat because he hates the smell of other people's kippers, the young boxer with dreams of televised victories to come, the able-bodied spinster who told us, straight, that we all ought to go to church—these were real people made to seem the more so by Pickles' sincerity added to their own.

Television, and Wilfred Pickles himself, chalked up a new success in the first of the series in which he is visiting different places to talk over local problems with the people most intimately affected by them. The overriding problem in London's Canning Town is the all-too-familiar one of housing, and the cameras went

the spell of his presence the persons he interviewed became personages. We felt them to be a little larger than life-size, amplified not in importance but in genuineness, not simply rate-payers and voters but custodians of local virtue. The hospital matron with brave memories of the blitz, the stevedore who is against life in a flat because he hates the smell of other people's kippers, the young boxer with dreams of televised victories to come, the able-bodied spinster who told us, straight, that we all ought to go to church—these were real people made to seem the more so by Pickles' sincerity added to their own.

Perhaps as a parenthetical contribution to the celebrations already mentioned, Alexandra Palace gave us an unexpected and thoroughly instructive glimpse of goings-on there in the demonstration film period the other morning. We were shown how the material for the new Dimbleby series on London is collected and made ready for the day of transmission. This was not one of those terribly earnest men-on-the-job films. Whoever made it had a refreshingly light touch, giving us the facts in a series of quick and penetrating shots that told the story with a minimum of fuss. The result is a

wish to see this bright particular piece of 'shop' again.

So much for the unexpected. From another televised film, 'Song of the Reel', which includes shots of the world's champion shark catch' (*vide Radio Times*), one naturally expected a great deal and perhaps too much. Remembering the skill and nerve put at the disposal of the producer of this film, one suppresses one's impatience at having been done out of what one anticipated would be a thrill of a lifetime. Films are among the present television problems, technically as well as economically. Even so, there is no need to expose our hopes to the chill of an anti-climax.

REGINALD POUND

BROADCAST DRAMA

The Angel in the House

'WHEN PAIN AND ANGUISH wring the brow, A ministering angel thou' might be more applicable to the radio than to the helpmate today. Perhaps one should only listen when ill. It was that wit Herbert Farjeon who said he could never listen to the variety programmes without sparing a thought—not of sympathy but of envy—for the hospital listeners who had at least a little pain to take their minds off the wireless humour! And it is wonderfully true that many programmes take on a new beauty when heard through a screen of fever or weakness. For post-influenzal depression, what jollier than a husband-wife battle by Strindberg, for instance? I cannot pretend this week that my judgment is as normal as it should be. Tears poured down my face at the lightest provocation; even some of the music-hall jokes had me laughing feebly. As for the things I really enjoyed I hardly like to mention them, feeling that I am not in a state of critical strength. But the mountaineering expedition in 'Take It From Here' surely reached new heights and is perhaps the best thing this delightful team has ever given us; while as for 'Have a Go!' in Much Wenlock, if anyone sat through that programme unmoved either by laughter or tears, or without feeling (as how seldom in spite of all the bonhomie we do feel) that radio can bind us all together—well, I should suspect him of being dead inside.

I cannot think of anything in the sphere of drama, on either Home or Light, which could have had a unifying effect or even a consolatory one. Indeed the Wednesday Matinée was thin stuff and the Saturday-night play, though funny, seemed to me to answer admirably to the charge always being brought against the Third Programme: that of being hopelessly limited in its appeal.

I do not like these thunders against the Third Programme: that it is remote, ineffectual, snobbish and that it fails to attract. I feel like making the answer made by a shy man who married late in life. His friends who were candid (as shy men's friends are) rebuked him, 'My dear feller, how could you? She isn't even attractive'. To which he replied with pungency: 'Is it so? The point is, she attracts me!' Well, the point is here, the Third Programme attracts *this* listener. Nearly all the week's pleasure has come from it and I am sorry for those who cannot hear it. Stephen Potter's 'Lifemanship' lecture was a joy—especially the catechism about the country residence ('I'd no idea it took so long to dust a dome'). The Peter Watts' 'Doll's House' was admirable—swift, light and pointed; though I am theatre man enough to want a little more sheer drama wrested from certain scenes. But Ibsen's purely visual strokes were cleverly compensated for and Marjorie Westbury did very well indeed—without being the best radio actress necessarily, she is the most versatile, do-

ing everything she does excellently. Peter Coke was a good Torvald.

'Married Alive', the cheerful title of Strindberg's 'Comrades', gave me slight nausea, and yet I found it a great deal more entertaining than I expected. It is, as it purports to be, a comedy of kinds and it seemed to be that the ironical note was well held, even in the rather repulsive exhibition of Strindbergian marital warfare, the masochist eaten by the spider's wife, etc., etc.—it retains some sort of saving sense of the ridiculous. The ambience, as often in Strindberg plays, was fascinating and made one gasp; a colony of highbrow Swedes in Paris, scrapping and of course getting drunk, with a lot of would-be Sophie Breslaus and Marie Bashkirtseffs. It all tied up interestingly with the Norwegian sex battle of a few nights before. Mary Hope Allen produced. I thought the husband too slow sometimes and Lydia Sherwood unequal, but as a whole it went well.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

THE SPOKEN WORD

Tongues, Tied and Untied

AGAIN LAST WEEK more than one of the Spoken Word programmes took the form of conversation. Four poets were given 'Poetic Licence' and we had another of those duologues (actually it was a repeat from the week before, when I had missed it) in which novelists discuss their methods and ideas. This time the talkers were L. P. Hartley and J. D. Scott, and they discussed Hartley's *Eustace and Hilda* trilogy and *The Boat* in particular and the modern novel in general. This series, which pops up at rare intervals, has been unfailingly interesting and last week's conversation was as good as the best. Not every good novelist, I imagine, is conscious of the method and processes by which he writes his novels. To be so, he must be not only a novelist but something of a critic, and it was doubtless Mr. Hartley's long experience as a critic of fiction, reinforced by Mr. Scott's adroit questions and observations, which enabled him to be so articulate about his own work. Besides this he is a good broadcaster so that one was aware that it was a prepared conversation only because it evolved so clearly and smoothly and not at all because it lacked the liveliness and gusto of private talk.

And now for these licensed poets. The talkers last week attempted no new form or formlessness. As before, it was spontaneous talk in micro-phonous circumstances, 'which', as Euclid was fond of saying when I was a schoolboy, 'is impossible', or very nearly so, for those exceptional Irishmen a week or two ago proved the rule by exploding it. But, when all's said and done, the only justification for these licences is that the talk shall be so good that it is enjoyable for its own sake or for the sake of our curiosity about the talkers. A 'Poetic Licence', for instance, which included Swinburne, Hardy, Hopkins and Bridges, would be enthralling even if they talked arrant nonsense all the time. To hear the voice of each, catch some notion, however vague, from his tone and manner of speaking, of the kind of man he was, would be a fascinating experience. But (I say it with no intention of disrespect) the poets whose chatter we have heard in these programmes have not yet produced a body of work which spurs us to intense curiosity about them as mere men. Their claim to the attention of us listeners, then, must rest on their excellence as conversationalists, and, it should be added, conversationalists on the air, for, as Hamlet remarked long ago, 'The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold'. Conversation heard over the air is a very different thing from chatter in which one participates with friends, to which one is tuned up by their bodily presences and

the urge to get a word in. The listener, switching on, is not a warm participator but a cold critic: consequently the talk, if it is to thaw the creature out and carry him away, must be of a very much higher voltage than the average private talk. In this last programme, as in all, I was only too conscious that while the poets seemed to be having a moderately good time, I wasn't.

Delightful talking, in monologue and carefully prepared for the delectation of the epicure, was served to us by A. M. Quinton in 'The Formation of Opinions', the final talk in the series 'The Influence of Language on Thought'. It was one of those talks in which one could enjoy three things at once, the delivery, the highly interesting stuff and the clear and pungent style.

'A little learning is a dang'rous thing'. Last week I questioned the accuracy of the *Radio Times* in qualifying W. D. Wright as physicist instead of physiologist. A day or two ago a correspondent kindly wrote to vindicate the *Radio Times* and lay to rest what he indulgently calls my 'understandable doubts'.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

BROADCAST MUSIC

The Infinite Faculty

WHAT A PIECE OF WORK is an opera! 'La Sonnambula', 'Don Carlos', 'Kitezh', 'Andrea Chénier'—to name but four examples lately heard—where is the common denominator between them? Except for the chance of language in three of them and the presence of music in all, there seems to be none. The answer may be that, opera being a dramatic entertainment presented in terms of music, any drama will do (and any style of music too), provided the drama is completely dissolved in the music. This is rank heresy to the dogmatists and theorists from Aristotle to 'Mr. Wise'. For wouldn't Aristotle condemn 'Don Carlos' in its entirety as offending his canon of size (what the eye can take in at one viewing)? And wouldn't he find in 'Kitezh' plenty of the improbable combined with the impossible? I don't know what he would say about 'Andrea Chénier'; but if he condescended to notice Bellini at all, he might concede that here is something that has style and, as the French say, 'drinks within its glass'.

But dogmatism, whether applied to fugue or symphony or opera, is always upset by musical genius. Verdi had more than enough of that faculty to absorb Schiller's tragedy into his music, though that fact seems to be overlooked by those who judge everything before 'Aida' by the canons of 'Il Trovatore'. And though the tale of Kitezh is a queer mixture of fairy-tale and religious fervour, told with almost as little regard for dramatic conventions as 'Prince Igor', and cannot of itself be expected to make any deep appeal to a non-Russian audience, Rimsky-Korsakov had genius enough to transform it into enchanting music. If only he had been able also to dissolve those little two-bar folk-rhythms, which keep wriggling about in his score, into the flow and colour of his musical texture, this would be magical indeed!

It is easy to see what is wrong with 'Andrea Chénier' without any help from the 'Poetics'. Giordano was a younger contemporary of Puccini, and his operas, of which 'Fedora' is another, standing in style somewhere between Puccini and Mascagni, show what Puccinian opera would have been like without Puccini's genius, not only musical but also theatrical. Giordano's style has a robust masculinity beside which Puccini seems almost febrile and feminine in his sensibility. But the sensibility won, because it enabled Puccini to appreciate and to make his librettists—among them Illica who wrote the book for 'Andrea Chénier'—appre-

ciate what would go in the theatre. Consider for a moment Gérard, the ex-butler turned bloodthirsty revolutionary. He is the antagonist of Andrea Chénier, the left-wing poet who meets the inevitable fate of the disillusioned fellow-traveller. But he is no villain. He does all he can to save the hero and unite him to the girl they both love. He goes in for magnanimity to a tune worthy of the clement Titus and the other potentates of the old Metastasian *opera seria*. It is as though Scarpia—one has only to mention him to point the aesthetic moral!—were to be

moved by Tosca's tale of love and music, and were to present her with a perfectly valid passport for two and his blessing. What a nice kind man! But what an ineffective dramatic climax!

Giordano's opera was put over by an Italian company for all it was worth, and if what it was worth seemed little more than old ham, that is perhaps the best way of serving this particular dish. 'Kitezh' made a better broadcast, because it appeals to the imagination rather than to the reason. So the sight of it matters less than the sound, which was ravishingly presented by the

orchestra and by most of the singers under Issay Dobrowen.

There is just room for me to incline my head before the most majestic event of the week, the performance of Beethoven's Mass in D by the splendid Huddersfield Choir under Sir Malcolm Sargent who chose (it seemed to me) the right *tempi* and made the grandeur of the great design evident. Sylvia Fisher's soprano and Richard Lewis' tenor, though a little light, were the best voices in a good quartet.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

'The Greatest Figure in Fifteenth-Century Music'

THURSTON DART on Guillaume Dufay

A programme of Dufay's music will be broadcast at 8.25 p.m. on Wednesday, February 7 (Third)

DUFAY, the greatest figure in fifteenth-century music, was born about 1400; though the place of his birth is unknown, it was probably somewhere in what is now the Belgian province of Hainaut. Like the majority of medieval and renaissance composers, he was trained as a choirboy and many years of his later life were spent as a professional singing-man. Educated in the song-school of Cambrai Cathedral under Nicolas Grenon, he was already active as a composer in 1416 when he was commissioned to write an anthem for the wedding of the Italian despot, Carlo Malatesta, and Vittoria Colonna, niece of Pope Martin V. Little is known of his life between then and 1428, when he was admitted to the Papal Chapel in Rome as a member of the choir; by that time he was a bachelor of canon law (perhaps in the University of Paris) and an ordained priest, and it is probable that he had already spent some years in Italy. Dufay was not the only member of the Chapel who composed; indeed one of the duties of a fifteenth-century choirman was to enlarge the repertory of the Chapel in which he was employed by composing new works for it. Most of the music heard in such a Chapel would have been contemporary music for, broadly speaking, this was the only kind of music that anyone wished to hear.

Dufay left the Chapel in the summer of 1433 and entered the service of the Duke of Savoy; the Duke's considerable domains included some of the loveliest country in the world. Two years later Dufay rejoined the Papal Chapel at Florence; the Pope had been forced to take refuge there in 1433 and his establishment had moved there with him. When the new Cathedral was dedicated in 1436, Dufay's superb motet 'Nuper rosarum' for choir and orchestra of strings and brass was performed; commissioned especially for the ceremony, it was a worthy ornament for Brunelleschi's architectural masterpiece.

Throughout his life Dufay accumulated a number of benefices which enabled him to live in comfort; it was an accepted way of rewarding a musician-churchman like Dufay and since his duties as a papal singer made it impossible for him to be in residence at, for instance, Cambrai or Mons, the condition of residence was waived. Some rather laconic entries in the account-books of the Dukes of Savoy show that Dufay was on very friendly terms with the music-loving and artistic Louis of Savoy, the Duke's son, and his wife, Anne of Cyprus, and at some time during the period 1437-50 he was in their service for several years. He also seems to have spent a short period (probably in 1444-45) in the Chapel of the fabulously wealthy and powerful Duke of Burgundy; he may well have been attached to

the household of his son (the later Charles the Bold) who was passionately fond of music.

During the next twenty-five years Dufay spent more and more of his time at Cambrai, not in retirement, though, for he remained closely in touch with the fashionable world in which he had moved for so long. From scattered references in court archives, from a letter or two, we can piece together a picture of his later years, and it is clear that his great fame as a composer continued to bring him in contact with the noblest names of his age—the Medicis, the Dukes of Burgundy and Savoy, the King of France. In Cambrai itself he became an unofficial director of music to the town and cathedral, living in considerable state in a fine house filled with valuable gifts from his many admirers and patrons, and it was there that he died on November 27, 1474.

His surviving output as a composer consists of more than two hundred sacred and secular compositions, preserved in MSS. in libraries all over Europe; a collected edition of his music is at last in course of publication. His Masses stand at the head of his work; at first he composed only isolated movements of the Mass, but his later work includes a number of complete Mass-cycles, founded on sacred or secular tenors. One feature of them is typical of nearly everything that he wrote: a constant interest in the technique of composition. Dufay was never content to turn out music in a single cut-and-dried style. Right up to the end of his life he was constantly experimenting, and exploring new ground; as a result the variety and expressiveness of his music is very great. Many of his motets were occasional music, written to order; others are purely liturgical. The list of his sacred music is completed by his Magnificats and hymns. And there is a great deal of secular music too; some settings of Italian poems, including Petrarch's 'Vergine bella' (one of Dufay's finest works, dating from his early years), and many rondeaux, chansons and virelais, inexhaustible in their charm and diversity.

This is not the place for a detailed technical analysis of Dufay's style, but a word or two about the transformation of musical technique during the earlier part of the fifteenth century may help the listener to find his bearings. The dominant form of the previous period was the isorhythmic motet with an underlying structure as intellectual as anything that the twelve-note composers have yet devised. Typically, the rhythmic pattern of the first thirty bars or so of such a motet is repeated unaltered in all the parts over and over again, but the melodic pattern is completely changed. (Such repeated rhythmic patterns are a constant feature of Elgar's melodies, though they commonly last for

only a bar or two.) Dufay's work marks the change from this to a new and less rigid kind of writing, the plainsong often being placed in the top voice and ornamented with passing notes and embellishments of all kinds until it becomes virtually a new tune with a character and poise of its own. This vocal line is supported by a firm harmonic foundation consisting of an instrumental tenor and contratenor woven into one another. Sometimes the top voice breaks away altogether from plainsong; sometimes it is reinforced by a second sung part. Often long sections of the music consist of a duo between two such upper parts bound together by snatches (but nothing more) of imitation or strict canon. Sometimes the twin lower parts are similarly linked. Odds and ends of thematic material from the tenor may be incorporated in the other parts, the first step towards the classic sixteenth-century technique of continuous imitation in which the substance of the plainsong is diffused through all the other parts.

A striking instance of this is Dufay's late motet 'Ave Regina Coelorum', sung at his funeral; moreover this motet is a *capella*, another sign that the medieval musical traditions are breaking up. The new style of writing motets became the standard technique for nearly all other kinds of music, including the chanson and the Mass. Indeed it originated in the intimate chamber music of chanson and ballade, designed for performance by soloists to a select and sophisticated audience of the kind which Dufay encountered at the various courts to which he was attached.

It is important to mention one other technical feature of Dufay's music, a characteristic of his settings of the complete Mass-cycle. This is the motto-theme found at the beginning of each of the five main sections of the Mass, and often occurring intermediately as well. As a method of underlining the unity of the work it persists until the closing years of the sixteenth century, and while Dufay does not seem to have invented it (it is probably English in origin, like the use of a single tenor-theme, and appears to be one of the many innovations of Dunstable and his school, whose influence on Dufay was very great), he undoubtedly perfected it.

Dufay's achievement may be summed up by saying that he is the first international figure in music. Brought up in the Flemish tradition, he incorporated in his own work the best features of the music he heard in Italy and south-east France, and of the new style of Dunstable and his fellow-Englishmen. His genius welded together these diverse elements, and his position as the most esteemed composer of his age ensured that his successors built on the foundations he had laid.



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Good Taste

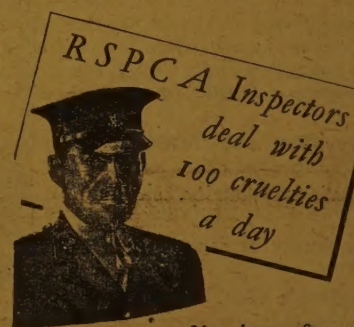
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Advice for the Housewife

FRUIT CONDÉ

FRUIT CONDÉ is a pudding made of rice, milk, syrup, a little jam and some fruit. It is easy to make and deliciously creamy. You need, for 4 people:

- 1½ tablespoons of rice
- ½ pint of milk
- top of a pint of milk
- 1 level tablespoon of syrup
- a little cooked fruit
- 1 tablespoon of apricot jam
- 1 tablespoon of water

Place the rice and the ½ pint of milk in a double saucepan. (I have no double saucepan myself so I use a basin standing in a saucepan of boiling water, and as long as you keep the water boiling everything will be all right.) Cook your rice, stirring occasionally, for about ¾ hour. By then all the milk will have been absorbed and the rice look plump and tender. Stir your level tablespoon of syrup into the rice and fold in the top of the milk. Get four individual dishes and divide the rice between the four dishes.

Now you need some fruit, brightly coloured fruit if possible—peeled grapes perhaps, stewed apricots or some bottled fruit. Cherries look particularly well. Whatever fruit you decide to use, you must arrange it as attractively as possible on each portion of rice.

Finally boil your tablespoon of apricot jam with the tablespoon of water. Let them boil together for a few seconds, then pour some over each sweet. Leave them to get quite cold, then serve, and if you can top up with a little cream, as well it will make a really good party sweet.

QUEENIE NEWCOMBE

ADVENTURES IN COOKING

For me cooking has always been a kind of adventure and a field for new discoveries. Curry is generally regarded as a means of getting rid of odds and ends; but in reality no dish is more suited to a real feast, if served eastern style.

Friends of mine had invited eight people to dinner, and finding that their cook had walked out on them, sent me an S.O.S. I decided to make a curry as the main and only dish.

Now a real curry must be hot as blazes, but must also have mango chutney as a soothing syrup to the startled palate. Above all, to make it a feast, there must be the usual side dishes of desiccated coconut, finely chopped onions, crushed roasted peanuts, soft boiled raisins and finely chopped hard-boiled eggs and sweet mango chutney. At the last moment I discovered that my hostess had forgotten to buy the chutney. So I put half a small jar of marmalade into the curry: it was delicious. And the table looked a real festive board, with the main dish and a steaming mountain of rice in the centre, flanked by all the side dishes. Afterwards I served a big honeydew melon cut into the shape of a basket, filled with ice-cream and garnished with maraschino cherries.

A dish I am fond of making is chicken pilaff. It is so seldom that roast chicken is tender enough to be worth eating that I generally play for safety and steam it in stock, or let it simmer very slowly in stock, until quite tender. Then I boil the rice, adding a generous handful of raisins. The rice must be dry and not mushy when cooked. Place the chicken in a bed of rice, sprinkled with crushed roasted peanuts or hazelnuts. Take a pint of the stock and boil, together with half a green pepper finely chopped (remove the seeds), for 10-15 minutes, and use as 'gravy.'

If you serve the much-despised rice pudding Norwegian style, sprinkled with cinnamon and with fruit juice, it not only looks delicious but is also delicious to eat. The same applies to all milk puddings and bread puddings, but the fruit juice must be slightly tart. It makes a perfect blend, like mint sauce and lamb.

A. H. RASMUSSEN

SKIN FOOD AND FRESHENER

To make a nourishing skin food, you need the following ingredients:

- 2 oz. of lanolin
- 2 oz. of cold cream
- 2 oz. of white petroleum jelly
- 5 tablespoons of olive oil

Place the lanolin, cold cream and petroleum jelly in a basin, then put this into a bowl of hot water and mix until pliable. Beat well and add the olive oil gradually. When finished put into a screw-top jar: you will have about ½ lb. of skin food which will keep indefinitely and may be used for your hands as well as for your face and neck. The total cost is about 3s. It is unperformed: you can add perfume yourself if you like.

For a skin freshener, use:

- 1 oz. of toilet water
- 4 oz. of rose water

Mix the rose water and toilet water together and dab on the face and neck with cotton wool.

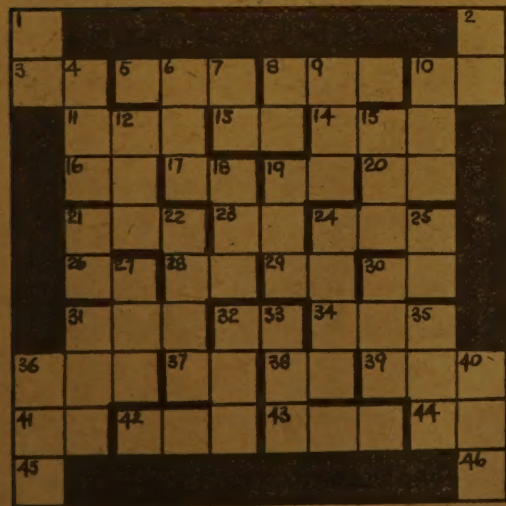
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- TERENCE PRITTIE (page 165): *Manchester Guardian* correspondent in Germany
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- NIKOLAUS PEVSNER (page 171): Slade Professor of Fine Art at Cambridge; author of *Academies of Art Past and Present*, *An Enquiry into Industrial Art in England*, etc.
- W. J. H. SPROTT (page 173): Professor of Philosophy at Nottingham University; author of *General Psychology*, *Philosophy and Commonsense*, etc.
- DAVID KEIR (page 175): formerly political correspondent of the *News Chronicle*
- ALAN PRYCE-JONES (page 186): editor of *The Times Literary Supplement*; author of *The Spring Journey*, *People in the South*, *Private Opinion*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,083. Proverbial Triglot. By Hardi

Prize (for the first five correct solutions opened): Book token, value 12s. 6d.

Closing date: First post on Thursday, February 8



After the crossword has been completed the across lights, including the four corner letters (1, 2, 45 and 46), are to be pieced together (after adding an accent to one e) to form three proverbs—one English, one French and one German.

The letters of the following phrase are unchecked in the puzzle: Ha! Boat afar!

CLUES—ACROSS

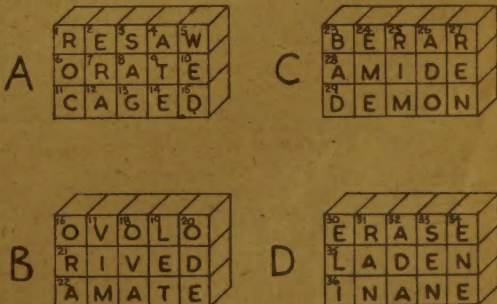
- 3. Do (2).
- 5. In lieu of a royal preserve with 8A (3).
- 8. See 5.
- 10. Diminished when 44 is added (2).
- 11. Syncopated music in rime (3).
- 13. 89 not out (2).
- 14. Lousy portion of French chicken (3).
- 16 & 17. A strange thing (4).
- 19 & 26 are wanting (4).
- 20. Grant for a limited period after ten (on the level) (2).
- 21. Equine ailment following on 9D (3).
- 23. Short of gold (2).
- 24. Fold and shut up (3).
- 26. See 19.
- 28. Cut off with a penny (2).
- 29. See 9D.
- 30B. Grieve about an ear (2).
- 31. So this will be a reaper (3).
- 32B. Makes a mockery of 33U (2).
- 34. Sulphur and silver make this sink (3).
- 36, 38 & 1D. Satirique (7).
- 37 & 39. Stems from the French (5).
- 41. See 4D.
- 42. Cardinal dignity (3).
- 43 & 32D. Scots to the fore! (6).
- 44. See 10.

DOWN

- 1. Peculiar to the French, with 17A also German (2).
- 2. This one is Scots (2).
- 4 & 41A. Nitid

worsted (5). 6. For training leaders in hot chase (3). 7 & 40. include the kittiwakes (5). 8. Nullifies 7 (2). 9. Extra with 29 extra (3). 10. Legally minced dignitary (3). 12. Lute with tar (3). 15. All this is just the same (3). 18 & 17A. Snap division! (5). 19. Hair doubled for dandruff (3). 21 & 32A make a cross-bow bolt (4). 22. Dull? Not I, for a start! (4). 24. Weigh the French way (4). 25. Makes money out of 24A (2). 27. Time to spare, if the end is sure (3). 30U. This net gets the bird (3). 31. Abode now given up (3). 32. See 43A. 33. See 32A. 35. And so prepared for painting (3). 36. Pout (3). 40. See 7.

Solution of No. 1,081



Prizewinners: A. Fenton (Oxford); A. Law (New Malden); Miss J. D. Scott (Wirral); W. P. Till (Cheadle); and L. T. Whitaker (Stretford).

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